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OR,

THE THREE BEAUTIES.

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF 1775.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PIRATE OF THE GULF, &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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QUEBEC AND NEW YORK.

CHAP. I.

The Discovery.

WHEN the departing footsteps of Burton, as he traversed the avenue to the gate, no longer fell on her ears, a shade of melancholy passed over Caroline's features; tears, which she in vain sought to suppress, silently filled her eyes; and, sighing deeply, she leaned her head on her hand, and was for some time lost in thought. Eugenie, after striving unsuccessfully to make her more cheerful, gently took her arm and led her to the portico, to allure her from her desponding medi-

tations by the beauty of the night. The foliage was gently stirred by the light south wind, and the stars sprinkled their pale light upon the brow of the invalid, as she leaned on the arm of her lovely companion.

" Dear Caroline, if I may call you by so endearing a term on so brief a friendship," said Eugenie, " give not way to this melancholy of spirits. I have come here to cheer you, and I am resolved to restore you to health," she playfully added. " 'Tis wrong to pine so, and let the rose fade in your cheek, and the lustre of your eyes be dimmed. You will lose all your charms, and then how will you get a lover? These lovers, like moths flitting about a lamp, will hover round none but a bright eye."

Caroline shuddered, and clung nervously to her arm, but made no reply.

" Nay, sweet Caroline," she continued, kissing her, " I meant not to touch so sensitive a chord; I see, by that sigh, thou knowst what 'tis to love,"

and Eugenie herself sighed unconsciously, and was for a moment silent.

" And does not that sigh, my gentle Eugenie, tell a tale of love?" said Caroline, lifting her eyes to her face, and striving to read its lineaments in the faint starlight. " Come, Eugenie, tell me the story of your young heart's adventures; 'twill serve to beguile the time, and, perhaps, dissipate this weary load of sadness which oppresses me. Walk with me through this shady avenue, the dark depths of which tempt to seclusion, and invite to tales of love. There is a little arbour beyond, where I love to sit when alone, and look out upon the placid river, meditate upon the evening skies, and fancy all bright heaven beyond them, or pass the weary hours in reading some favourite volume. Come with me, Eugenie, and I will listen well, for your silence tells me you have a sweet story to soothe my spirits with."

" I cannot, dear Caroline, refuse to make you

happy; but my tale will be one of a silly passion, which I dare not speak of to myself. Urge me not."

"Then give me the history of your escape from a Canadian convent, and which I have only partly heard. There is a romance in all associated with a nun that delights my imagination. If you will not make me a confidant of your heart's secrets, then give me the story of your adventures. I think I could listen to it, told in your sweet accents, my Eugenie, until the stars faded into morning."

Caroline, while she spoke, drew her companion to the steps of the portico, and together they descended into the secluded walk, overhung with the laurel, althea, and arborvitæ, that, meeting above, formed a natural cloister, through which, during the day, the sun fell upon the gravelled floor beneath in a thousand flecks of golden light: now it was darkly shaded and silent, save that a single bird, disturbed by their intruding footsteps, fluttered higher among the branches, in

the thick security of which it had made its hiding-place for the night. They slowly and in silence walked along the avenue, impressed with the deep repose of a place where heavenly contemplation seemed to have taken up her abode.

"Poor bird, no harm shall come nigh you," said Caroline, as another inhabitant of those leafy abodes flew twittering away among the shrubbery. "Happy things! How often have I wished of late that I had the wings of a bird, that I might fly away and be at rest. But, Eugenie, I shall infuse my own melancholy into your spirits if I talk thus. Here is my little bower!" she added, as they arrived at the termination of the avenue near the water, the rippling flow of which they could distinctly hear, and stood before the entrance of a summer-house half hidden in woodbine and jessamine. "I wish it were moonlight, Eugenie," she added, with some liveliness of manner, "that you might see what a lovely spot I have chosen for my hermitage. When the full moon pierces the

interstices of the lattice and foliage, you would think the floor strewn with silvery spangles. The light then comes down like the scattered brilliancy of a thousand stars, into so many gems does the thickly-woven foliage break its disk! Why are you so silent, Eugenie?"

"I was thinking, Caroline, what a happy effect the exchange of the close room for this lovely garden, the pleasant air and sweet seclusion, has upon your spirits. Your voice is richly toned with returning health and happiness. I cannot recognise the plaintive invalid of a few moments since, with the animated being now before me. I would I knew the secret of such a cure!"

"Alas, Eugenie, 'tis all illusion!" said Caroline, in a melancholy tone. "I have passed many pleasant hours in this bower; it is many days since I have been here, and the sight of it revives the past, for me no longer to return! Alas, it should not have affected me thus, for bitter, bitter indeed, are the associations connected with it. Its memory is full of mingled

sweet and bitterness. But I may not pour my griefs into your bosom. Oh, no! It would kill me to see your eyes turned upon me, in coldness and scorn. My heart has its own griefs locked up from every eye but that of Heaven—there it may safely pour forth its misery! But forgive me, Eugenie! I will no more sadden your gentle and sympathizing bosom, which heaves as if it shared the full burden of my woes."

"My dear Caroline," said Eugenie, embracing her, "willingly would I share them. Unburden your throbbing heart of all its griefs. 'Twill lighten half the load to pour your sorrows into another's ear."

"Tempt me not!" she cried with energy, releasing herself from her embrace; "oh, tempt me not! Thy scorn—*his* withering eye! Oh God! no, no, *never!* I will hold it closely in my bosom, until my heart burst with the pressure of its weight. Eugenie, my dear, my finely-strung nerves are delicate, and will not bear

much; the lightest breath will ring harsh tones from their tremulous chords."

"Dear Caroline, soothe your agitation. If you will listen, I will tell you a tale of love; I will refuse you nothing, only calm your feelings. Sit here by my side, and I will relate how a silly nun let a cavalier run away with her, and how, when he went to the wars, she was foolish enough to run after him. Sit by me, and while I speak, you can watch the river flowing past so deep and stilly, with the stars reflected in its bosom like another heaven."

"No, no! not *there*, not there!" she exclaimed, suddenly sinking into the opposite seat; and then added, faintly, "*he* sat *there* when last we met here. No, Eugenie, no," she said, with assumed playfulness, "you must yield to my wilfulness. I am given to strange humours of late. I will lean on your shoulder thus, while you are speaking, and gaze on your dark eyes, if this poor light will let me. I love dark eyes, Eugenie: they tell of happy hearts and a sunny

life. Blue eyes seem to me like the heavens, at times beautiful and clear, and the emblem of celestial peace, but oftener darkened and varied by clouds and tempests, smiling and weeping by turns."

"Your eyes are emblems alone of April skies, my dear Caroline."

"Indeed they have been of late, Eugenie. But once they had more of sunshine in them than of rain. Now tell me your tale; I shall listen with a child's wonder."

"Shall it be of love or escape?"

'Twill be of both, if you are the heroine, I think."

Eugenie laughed, and then sighed, and then began her story. She assumed at first a lively and humorous strain, which, coloured by her feelings, as they were strengthened by the associations her narrative called up, insensibly became more natural, and finally energetic.—"There was then, Caroline, once upon a time

a certain orphan nun, who nevertheless did not like to be a nun. She scandalized the graver sisters by her profane and worldly desires, made false stitches in her embroidery, broke her tambour-frame regularly thrice a day, and invented tales to vex the confessor."

"And pray what was the name of this pretty specimen of mischief?"

"Her name concerns not the tale," said the maiden, demurely. "At length it chanced a cavalier came to the convent, disguised as a priest, and imposing on the reverend father, took the confessional chair."

"No doubt this cavalier knew there was one of the penitents who 'would not be a nun,' that he adopted this stratagem."

"Not so. He was escaping in disguise, being in an enemy's country, and sought the convent's hospitality. It was by mere accident she met him. When," continued Eugenie, more seriously, "the nun went to confess, she told him in her confession how she pined for the free

world; and so when he had heard her story, he all at once came out of the confessional, and kneeled before her, a handsome youth most beautiful to behold."

"And I dare say the nun screamed, and then threw herself into his arms, and they both ran off together."

"That same day," continued Eugenie, smiling, "the nun, trusting all to the honour of the youthful cavalier, left the convent with him in disguise."

"Poor silly nun," said Caroline, sighing; "I hope she rued not this trust."

"The saints forefend!" replied Eugenie: "the youth was as honourable as he was comely and bold."

"'Twere a lovely sight, this bold youth and fair maiden! Whither went they?"

"'Tis a long story. They rode all night, and the next day reached Quebec. She was received into the governor's castle, and afterward freed her cavalier from prison, into which the

governor, who was his country's enemy, had thrown him."

"How freed she him, this bold maiden?"

"By deceiving the guard, and becoming for an hour prisoner in his stead."

"Ha! I think the cavalier who would purchase his liberty at such a price, were worthy to live his life out within a prison's walls. I dare say she loved him after this, nevertheless; for it is hard to keep anger against one we've loved," she said, sadly.

"Censure not the youth, fair Caroline," said Eugenie, with animation; "he knew no meanness. I made him fly! I made his obedience the test of his love!"

"*Thou!* I half guessed thou wert the nun."

"Thou hast guessed rightly, Caroline. Censure him not, for you will blame one who is your friend."

"Nay, I know you are my best, my dearest friend," she said, embracing her, misapplying a term which Eugenie meant for another: "for-

give me. Your story interests me. What became of your—for such I must now call him—what became of your lover?"

"He went far away to the wars, for he was a soldier, and was absent many months."

"And did not my Eugenie hear from him all the while? and what became of the sweet nun in his absence?"

"He sent no tidings of his safety; and she, after waiting with great patience, accompanied some friends who were journeying in the neighbourhood of his army, if perchance she might hear of, or even see him."

"Then thou wert much in love, Eugenie! That is a genuine sigh. Proceed. I honour you for your true love; but you were led by it into great danger, should you find your lover, and he not prove true."

"I did find him, Caroline: I met him in the presence of his chief, who looked with suspicion on my love, and would have misconstrued, to my shame, my devotion to Edward."

"Eugenie!" almost shrieked Caroline, grasping her arm. "Oh God! But, no, no, it could not be! I will not injure him by a half-formed thought of suspicion. Go on! mind me not! It was a sudden pang; I am better now; go—go—go on, Eugenie."

"I fainted for joy on recognising him, and when I recovered, he was gone, and I was in the presence of strangers."

"And then," said Caroline, with assumed gaiety, "you no doubt fainted again, like a proper heroine."

"No, I did not: I was kept prisoner, as if I were a mere child or a criminal, while much was said to me to turn the current of my affections."

"And you were not false, Eugenie?"

"No. Though much was told me false of him, of which, if the ninth part were true, I would tear his image from my heart, if it took life with it, and trample it thus beneath my feet," she said, energetically stamping upon the ground. "But I did not believe them, and only loved

him the better, that I found him beset with enemies."

"You would not have been a woman if you had done otherwise. How escaped you?"

"The next day I was conveyed under escort to a villa not far off, there to wait, as the chief said, to see if my lover proved worthy of me; if not, he wished to bestow my hand, as if chance had given him the right to do so, on a youth of his household."

"What, another lover?"

"No, no, Caroline: he was of a noble presence and courteous; but I cared not for him; nevertheless, he was very kind, and defended him I loved; and for one word he spoke in defence of him whom all conspired to injure, I could have loved him."

"So fickle, Eugenie? This chief, then, would not have had much ado to bestow your hand where he wished, if your lover had been out of the way, or you had proved him false?"

"If I thought you serious, Caroline, I should

be hurt; yet this youth were worthy a high-born maiden's love; but I think not of him, unless I win him to give him to you, Caroline."

"No, Eugenie! Proceed. Where was your lover, pray, when this rival was in the way?"

"After we landed, for we went in a boat to the villa, our guard was set upon by an ambuscade, and the next moment I was in the arms of the leader."

"Who was——"

"Edward."

"Edward! it is very strange! And all this happened in the far Canadas? I doubt not 'tis a land of romance. You are a lovely heroine, Eugenie. But proceed."

"It was not in the Canadas; but I will tell you by and by. It was twilight. I was lifted to a saddle, and while my protector, with his guard, were kept passive, Edward seized the reins of my horse, and spurring his own, urged the animals forward. We were soon joined by the whole troop, and galloped along the road

and through the forest with the noise of thunder, the spurs, chains, and armour ringing bravely. Both pleased and terrified, I still enjoyed my situation, and catching the spirit of the occasion, almost wished I had been a soldier."

"I verily believed there was an ambitious and restless spirit beneath those soft downcast eyes of thine. Didst have a chance of proving thy courage, my cavalier?" said Caroline, with increased gaiety and with playful irony. "I dare say, if your lover had not obeyed you at that time, you would have challenged him to single combat. Well, my military nun, what happened next? I would Burton were here to listen to your tale: he could take lessons in valour from it. What adventure next?"

"After half an hour's riding, the guards were dismissed, and I was left alone with Edward and his servant. We then rode forward, and at length, on his turning from the highway, I demanded of him a knowledge of his intentions,

saying, that, as an honourable maiden, I should not ride the country with any cavalier by night, love him never so much."

"And I dare say," said Caroline, her spirits in a fine flow, "you threatened him with present chastisement by sword or pistol, as might suit his valour, if he declined replying to your very proper question."

"Not so; he told me he was to lead me where I could perform a deed of charity; and so affectingly appealed to my heart, that I could not refuse him."

"'Twas to go with him to church, this deed of charity, I am well assured, Eugenie. And so you went?"

"No, I did not," replied Eugenie, in the same tone of raillery. "It was to be the companion of a young female friend, an invalid, whom he was bound to protect, from friendship to her father, who fell in the northern wars."

"And this invalid!" said Caroline, her suspicions reawakened, gasping for breath, and

pressing Eugenie's arm until she cried out with pain.

"My dear Caroline, restrain your feelings! What has moved you?" exclaimed Eugenie, in terror.

"The invalid! who? her name? speak—for—oh God! I fear, I fear—speak!"

Eugenie in vain strove to soothe her.

"Will you not answer?" she cried, rising up and grasping her shoulders with a firm hold; "was it not me, Caroline Germaine?"

"It was, Caroline; but be calm."

"And was not thy lover's name Edward?"

"Indeed, Caroline, release me! You torture me! I cannot endure this grasp!"

"Answer, Eugenie de Lisle, if it were thy last word! Was it not Edward?"

"Yes, Caroline."

"Edward Burton!" she whispered, through her closed lips, with increased energy.

"Yes."

A convulsive shudder passed over her frame,

she released her hold of the distressed maiden, and, uttering a piercing shriek, fell lifeless to the ground.

Eugenie echoed the thrilling cry; and after attempting in vain to raise her, flew with the speed of a fawn along the avenues, and rushing into the dwelling, called on the servants for aid. She had scarcely disappeared in the windings of the walk, when a man made his way through the hedge beside the harbour, and hastily entered it. With an exclamation of sympathy, he lifted Caroline from the ground, and without hesitation traversed the avenue along which, as he leaped the hedge, he had seen Eugenie flying. At the foot of the portico he met her, accompanied by the terrified servants bearing lights. On seeing the stranger she started back, and suppressed a cry that rose to her lips; then advancing towards him, she exclaimed, in a tone of joyful surprise—"Colonel Arden! thank God! Bear her into the house. Is she—is she? oh, I dare not know the truth!"

"My dear Miss de Lisle," said the stranger, "be not distressed; she has only fainted. Preserve your presence of mind; it is all called for now."

While he was speaking, he bore Caroline into the parlour, and by Eugenie's direction, gently placed his lovely burden upon the sofa. Then leaving her to the more experienced care of Eugenie and the servants, he walked into the hall, which was lighted by a lamp in a glass globe suspended from the ceiling. The light fell upon his fine intellectual forehead as he paced to and fro beneath it. His eyes were cast into deep shadow, which, however, did not conceal their fierce glow; his lip was compressed with determination, and indignation gave a stern expression to his fine features. As he walked, his step rang as if the whole man sympathized in the emotion of the spirit within his breast. His reflections were evidently of a dark and violent character. One moment he would strike the hilt of his sword vehemently, and half draw

it from the scabbard; then, as if changing a sudden purpose, he thrust it back again with a loud clang. Now he would suddenly pause in his walk, and listen to catch some token of returning life to the frame of the gentle girl; or tapping softly at the door, learn from the lips of Eugenie herself, who, pale and distressed, answered his light summons, the state of her patient. At last Eugenie came into the hall, and informed him, as he hastened to meet her, that she slept.

"Pray Heaven," he said, solemnly, "that it may be the sleep of eternity!"

"The holy saints forbid!" replied Eugenie, with surprise.

"Why," he said, "need we wish the unfortunate to live, when life is purchased with tears? Why recall the wretched and broken-hearted from the threshold of the grave, that opens its welcome bosom to receive the weary body to its embrace? Why call back to sin and sorrow

the spirit which is spreading its wings for its heavenward flight?"

There is but one step from mutual sympathy, excited by a cause that appeals to the sensibilities, to confidence. The low-toned communion of the sick chamber, where a youth and maiden chance to be the watchers, goes farther to awaken love in their hearts, than a *tête-à-tête* in a leafy bower, or a walk beneath the pale moon. The heart is at this time softened by sympathy with suffering, the feelings are then gentle, benevolence is active, and kind words and tenderness characterize the intercourse of the speakers. This gentle tone of voice and manner, caused by the sympathy of human nature with present suffering, insensibly takes a warmer character, and love, in the guise of our best feelings, steals insensibly into the heart. There is no better prescription to make a youth and a maiden love one another, than to enlist them in the same act of charity—no contiguity so dangerous, if that policy which governs those matches that are not

made in heaven would have them, in reference to each other, strangers to this passion.

After a few moments' conversation in relation to Caroline, in those low tones which are as equally the accents of love as of sympathy, confidence seemed insensibly, and at once, to be established between the two, and they conversed together like proved friends. Their voices were attuned to the atmosphere of suffering; but Arden's had the full pathos of love; low, deep, and touching, which, if it at all startled her, Eugenie easily referred to the remote cause, the invalid. Her heart was opened by the distress of Caroline: its most generous impulses were uppermost; while gratitude for the sympathy of Arden, and the relief she experienced by his presence, rendered her heart, as it would that of any woman so situated, peculiarly susceptible of impression. This, however, Arden sought to make only by look and accent, with the most persevering, but, at the same time, the most delicate approaches; determining to press his suit

at the moment she should become convinced of the faithlessness of her first lover, for then the heart yields most readily to the introduction of a second passion; for it is sympathy, to which love is akin, it then seeks. Having overheard the conversation between her and Caroline, he had the advantage of knowing that she did not regard him with indifference; and he flattered himself that, if he could displace the image of Burton from her heart, his own happiness would be secured. He therefore determined, both from a principle of justice and personal interest, which almost always mingles with our best acts, to expose, with as little abruptness as possible, his dark designs, and especially to show her that Caroline had been his victim.

A slight movement in the room, as he came to this conclusion, called Eugenie from the hall; and turning from the door, he with a thoughtful brow paced up and down the saloon, thinking how he should introduce the painful subject with the most delicacy.

CHAP. II.

The Rivals.

ARDEN at length drew near the door, and called to Eugenie, who seemed to have forgotten his presence by the length of her absence. She came with a book in her hand, as if she had been reading by the pillow of her patient, while he, with all a lover's ardour, believed her to be thinking only of himself, and impatient to return to him. He was, however, not easily moved by her apparent indifference; but in his own heart commended that sense of maidenly reserve her conduct had exhibited.—"Does your patient sleep?" he softly inquired, his voice aimed unconsciously to her heart, his words to her ear.

" Sweetly: she passed from that fearful paroxysm without a word into a deep sleep. She breathes unequally; but 'tis sleep, and I hope the most favourable result on awakening. But tell me, sir, how you came to appear so opportunely, as if you had fallen from the skies?"

" I followed you to this house, after the dragoons were pleased to restore me to liberty, for the purpose of reclaiming my stolen charge; was near when this young lady shrieked, and entered the arbour just after you left it."

" How fortunate! alone, I should not have known what to do in such an emergency."

" I feel happy that Miss De Lisle can, under any circumstances, feel that my presence is agreeable," he said, tenderly.

" Major Arden, I have before forbidden such language," she said firmly, and with dignity; " the betrothed maiden should be as sacred as she who claims the protection due to a bride."

" Forgive me, Eugenie," he said quickly; and

then, in an altered and grave tone, he continued —"Can you indeed be ignorant of the true cause of this lady's illness?"

She started at the marked emphasis of his voice and manner, and looked at him inquiringly for a moment, while her face changed alternately from the deepest crimson to the deadliest paleness, and her whole frame became agitated by some sudden and violent emotion; then, with a wild eye and a blanched cheek, she laid her hand upon his arm, and would have spoken, but her voice failed her. Words could not have been more expressive than her looks: her face betrayed a full consciousness of the dreadful import of his question; yet she was far from knowing the extent of her lover's faithlessness. Her heart only told her that Caroline and Burton were lovers. Indignation and grief agitated her bosom; but the dregs of the bitter cup prepared for her she had yet to drink.

"Tell me, major Arden—for the sake of Heaven, tell me, if my dreadful suspicions are true!"

"Forgive my abruptness; but my duty to myself as a gentleman, to you as a deceived and suffering woman, compels me to divulge the truth, Miss De Lisle. Burton is a villain, and ——"

"Speak on, I can bear all! Tell me the worst!" she demanded, with a kindling eye and compressed lip.

"Your own purity of heart and ignorance of evil alone prevented you from knowing, half an hour since, that the name you pronounced in the arbour, and which I overheard, is the key to Caroline Germaine's suffering."

"Merciful God, how blind I am! I see—I know it all!" she whispered hoarsely to herself; then added, impetuously, "there is more to tell! I see it in your troubled eyes! Keep nothing back."

"It is necessary, my dear Miss De Lisle, that you should know the worst. Caroline Germaine is the victim of foul wrong."

The indignant countenance with which the

proud and insulted maiden heard this disclosure, changed, as he spoke the last word, to an expression of agony, mingled with deep shame. Her brow and bosom were suffused with a flush of crimson, which suddenly disappeared again, leaving her face as colourless as Parian marble, while her young bosom heaved as if it would burst the bodice that confined it. Arden repented his sudden disclosure, and fearing she was about to fall, extended his arm to support her, when she waved him back.

"No, no," she exclaimed with a stern eye, and in a tone of wounded feeling, "I need it not! My indignation will bear me up in this hour."

She pressed her hand upon her forehead, as if she would recal the past, while, in the energy of her feelings, the blood sprung to her lip, which she had pierced in the intensity of her agony.

"Colonel Arden," she suddenly exclaimed, unclasping her hands, "prove this false, and Heaven will reward you!"

"Alas, it is too, too true!" he answered, with

a melancholy firmness; "it has long been known to the world."

After a moment's silent agony, she suddenly changed her energetic manner, and laid her hand entreatingly upon his shoulder, while her eyes were full with the eloquence that pleads to the feelings.—"Oh, tell me that this is not so! Tell me you have been over hasty in your words! Say you doubt! Oh, give me one ray of hope!" and her eyes dwelt on his as if they would read in them something to assure her that her lover was not so false—that she herself was not so deeply degraded. But, alas! there was nothing to assure her, nothing to arrest the judgment that had gone forth against the idol of her soul.

He tenderly took her hand, and the moisture of manly sensibility bedewed his eyes as they rested on the face of the sweet sufferer. She continued for a moment longer to watch his countenance, as if still some faint gleam of hope might linger there; and then, in the desolation and abandonment of her heart, the insulted but

high-spirited maiden burst into tears, dropped her head upon the shoulder of the noble youth, and wept like a very child. This act was not the impulse of the heart, but the prompting of nature; the tendril, torn by the rude blast from its stalk, clinging around the nearest trunk for support; it was woman in the hour of adversity looking for sympathy and support to the nobler being man, the natural protector of her weakness.

This tribute to her insulted feelings was but momentary. Her heart was relieved of its pressure by a few passionate showers of tears; and raising her head, and meeting the tender, gratified glance of his eyes, she blushed and shrank from him, although with manly delicacy he had refrained from wounding her sensibilities at such a moment by offering to support her drooping form in his arms. She felt his delicacy, and acknowledged it by a look of gratitude, that amply rewarded his self-denial. This forbearance, when she subsequently reflected how she

had abandoned herself in the grief of the moment, and how he had respected the sacredness of her injured feelings, went far to give him a firmer hold upon her heart.

" Colonel Arden," she said, frankly extending her hand, " I know you speak the truth. I thank you for your bitter words; you have saved me from a fearful delusion; alas! scattered to the winds my heart's treasures. Poor Caroline! I can now read his dark purposes by the light you have given me, and to which my silly heart would have blinded my eyes, perhaps, till too late. Arden," she said, suddenly, " I must leave this house immediately. Will you protect me to my friends?"

" Cheerfully. The doors of Mrs. Washington's mansion are ever open to you."

" Thank the Virgin, there is, indeed, a home for me! Dear lady, why did I not believe her? But Caroline, poor, dear, injured Caroline! she is dying of a broken heart. Alas! I have killed

her. Indeed, it were enough to kill her. If pride and scorn did not come to my relief, I should soon be like her. Gentle, suffering creature! she is not—I cannot believe her criminal."

"Nor is she. She is the innocent victim of deliberate guilt. But——"

"We must not desert her—no, never! She has doubly need of my presence."

"Excellent girl, who cannot forget the sufferings of others in your own. Caroline shall also be removed."

"Alas, I fear 'twill be only to her grave. Ha! I hear the sound of horses' feet! If it should be *him!* Colonel Arden, fly, your life is not safe."

As she spoke, the rapid fall of a horse's hoofs was heard along the lane bordering the garden, and the next moment ceased at the gate, which opened so quickly afterward, that the rider must have thrown himself from his horse in his haste, and left him loose. A quick deter-

mined tread traversed the avenue, and approached the portico, on the threshold of which, in the hall door, stood Arden, calmly awaiting the appearance of the hurrying intruder.

"It is *he!*" whispered Eugenie, with a strange determined calmness in the tones of her voice.

"I anticipated this," said Arden, placing his hand habitually on his sword.

"For God's sake, be not rash! Let your own coolness counteract his fire. But my presence should at least check him."

While she spoke, the form of Burton issued from the walk, and the next moment he stood before them on the topmost step of the portico, his dark eye flashing fire, and his lip trembling with emotion. He checked the fierce words that rose to his lips, as he beheld Eugenie standing pale and unmoved in the hall; and as a placid scene succeeds, at the will of the scene-shifter, the frowning tempest, so the storm of passion disappeared from his brow, and was fol-

lowed by a bland and courteous smile, the more striking from its contrast with the dark expression that had preceded it; and in his most courteous manner, although his voice was marked by a slight shade of irony, he said—" Colonel Arden, I wish you a good evening. We have met before to-night, I believe."

" We have, sir," replied Arden, sternly, " and will meet again. You are a villain, sir."

" Ha! That to me?" cried Burton, striking his sword-hilt, and half unsheathing his weapon. " The presence of woman, which you have sought, alone protects you; but there will be a time——"

" None better than the present to prove your baseness," said colonel Arden, in a determined tone. " Dare you confess your dark purpose, sir, in enticing this artless creature?" he continued, glancing at Eugenie, who gazed fixedly upon the features of Burton, with a face in which love struggled with indignation; " dare you confess, sir?"

"Colonel Arden, you presume too much," said Burton, with the steady voice of settled hate; "nor shall I permit you to catechise me."

"I have one more question to put to you, sir. Is Caroline Germaine, who six months ago was the loveliest of maidens, and whose wrong rumour hath blown abroad—I ask you, sir, is she your wedded wife?"

"Colonel Arden," cried Burton, who stood chafing like a chained tiger in the portico, "the presence of a legion of angels should not prevent me from chastising you on the spot; so, sir, draw and defend yourself; and if it please you," he added, with a smile that caused Eugenie to shudder, at the same time unsheathing his sword, "there stands the reward of the victor. Strike for Eugenie and beauty!"

"Hold, insulter!" cried Eugenie, extending her arm between their crossed blades; "degraded as you have made its owner, pollute not that name! The charm is broken—you are

unmasked; and I behold him whom I believed an angel of light, a dark polluted demon!"

"Eugenie!"

"Address me not! I know all! From this moment I am nothing to thee, nor thou to me! I have been long dreaming on a precipice, and Heaven has awakened me, just as I am ready to fall!"

"Eugenie, I could not have believed this," he said, in astonishment, but in a voice of tender reproach, that had her proof of his guilt been less palpable, would have touched her heart; "is this the love you have borne for me?"

"Love! Yes, I did love you, Edward," she said, in a changed voice; "but," she added, firmly, "I love you no longer. I should hate," she continued, with scorn, "did I not pity you!" She turned from him as she spoke with a withering curl on her beautiful lip; but it was to hide tears that stole into her eyes, in this struggle between her heart and head.

"I am I find somewhat indebted to you, co-

lonel Arden," said Burton, with concentrated anger, but speaking slowly and calmly. "If you think my discarded mistress worth fighting for, I will resume my interrupted pastime with you, and so wipe out the score."

As he spoke, he set upon Arden with great fury, who skilfully parrying his fierce attacks, acted only on the defensive. Eugenie did not hear Burton's offensive allusion, a noise in the adjoining room drawing her at the moment to the door of the parlour; but before she could ascertain the cause of it, the clashing of weapons turned her back again.

The rapid motion of their swords as they glanced in the light, for the moment bewildered her eyes, unused to such fierce scenes; but guided by the impulse that instinctively impels us to attempt to prevent the effusion of blood in a hasty broil, she prepared to rush forward, that by the interposition of her own person she might stay their weapons. A large Indian shawl which Caroline had thrown aside, caught

her eye at the instant, and seizing it, she threw it ere the third pass upon their crossed blades. In the act she approached so near Burton, that, prompted by some sudden impulse, he seized her firmly round the waist. Disengaging his sword at the same time, he said exultingly to Arden, whose weapon was still entangled in the shawl—"Now fight for her, if thou wilt have her!"

Eugenie neither shrieked nor struggled; but with that presence of mind which had hitherto so successfully aided her, she no sooner felt his arm around her, and saw his sword brandished to defend her person, than she drew from her bosom the stiletto he had formerly given her, and said, in a low, fearfully-distinct voice, that alone reached *his* ear—"Release me, or you die by my hand."

He instinctively obeyed. The door of the parlour at this instant opened, and Caroline advanced steadily and directly towards him; her face was haggard and pale, whiter than the

snowy robe she wore; she seemed rather a dweller of the tombs than an habitant of earth—a pale spectre, which even death had not robbed of its youthful loveliness. All were struck dumb at her sudden appearance, and the unearthly solemnity of her countenance. Without looking to either side, she approached Burton, who leaned over his sword, and gazed at her in silent horror, without the power to avert his eyes from an object he shuddered to look upon. Fixing on him a cold, stedfast look, she said, in sepulchral tones—"Edward Burton, my cup is filled!—my heart is broken!"

The solemn earnestness of her manner affected them all. Arden looked on her with deep sympathy, and then cast a glance of resentment at him who had destroyed so fair a fabric of humanity. Eugenie was deeply affected. Burton alone stood unmoved, except by surprise and impatience: he was about to speak, when she arrested his words.—"Edward, hush! I would no more hear that voice, either in kindness or in

anger. May Heaven forgive, even as I forgive you!"

She then came close to him, and looked in his face for a moment, like one about to take a long leave of a dear object, her face softening as she gazed.—"Yes, yes," she said, "they are there! the same lineaments which are graven on the tablet of my heart, never, never to be effaced. God in heaven bless you, Edward! I cannot curse you!" Then clasping her hands together and raising her eyes heavenward, she gently sunk down upon her knees, as if in silent prayer.

Eugenie, who had continued by her side, passed her arm around her, and received her head upon her bosom. The spirit of the injured sufferer, released without a sigh, took its flight to that region where there is neither sorrow nor wrong, and where justice is meted by Him who sees not as man sees, and who, with unerring discrimination and wisdom, shall judge between the tempter and the tempted.

For a few moments the group stood in the

portico, in which the close of this tragedy had arrested its individual members; Eugenie supporting the lifeless body, herself nearly as lifeless; Arden with his arms folded, and his eye glancing from the face of the dead victim to the face of the guilty seducer, his chest heaving with hardly-suppressed emotion; he himself stood leaning on his sword, gazing upon her with a cool, steady eye, and unmoved lip, his emotion, if he felt any, effectually disguised from the closest scrutiny; he appeared rather to be thoughtfully contemplating a specimen of statuary that had unexpectedly fallen across his path, than gazing upon the wreck of a beautiful temple which he himself had despoiled, and afterward destroyed. For a moment, even at that solemn time, his eye wandered over the form of Eugenie, and for an instant lingered to mark the heaving swell of her bosom, as she kneeled on the floor over her insensible burden. Eugenie seemed instinctively to have felt his libertine glance; for hastily arranging her kerchief, which had

fallen aside in her agitation, she laid the head of the corpse upon the ground; then all at once, with a heightened colour and a flashing eye, and with the bearing of a young Pythoness, she addressed him in terms of fierce eloquence, inspired by mingled emotions of scorn, contempt, and anger—words faintly expressing the character and intensity of her feelings.—" Man, with the face of an angel and the heart of a demon, this is your act! Has God given you power that you should use it to this end? Can you gaze calmly on this wreck of loveliness? Does not the silent appeal of death move you? Has thy conscience no voice? Do you not tremble at the awful charge the departed spirit of the murdered Caroline—I repeat it, *murdered!*—is at this moment laying at the feet of Divine Justice? Dare you contemplate the future, when she will confront you in judgment, innocence arraigned against guilt, the victim against the destroyer? Cold, dark, guilty being, too low for revenge, too high for pity, you only merit the contempt

of all honourable minds! Leave this spot, which death has made sacred! Continue to abuse the exalted gifts that Heaven has bestowed upon you; but, remember—fearful, both in this life and the future, will be the retribution! Back, sir," she cried, as he advanced as if to entreat her; " approach me, and I will avenge this dear murdered girl, and send your guilty spirit to the bar where justice awaits her victim. Human laws punish not thy crime; 'tis too great—they cannot reach it; 'tis alone reserved for the bar of Heaven. Think not thou wilt escape its judgment!"

If Caroline had expired in the presence of Burton alone, he would, perhaps, unseen, have shown human sympathy for her untimely fate, hastened, if not wholly produced, by his own criminal passions; but in the presence of a rival, and a victim who had escaped his toils, his pride came to his aid, and he affected an indifference which, in reality, he did not feel. Like all unreal emotions, the cold unmoved face that

he called to his assistance was exaggerated; his heart was wrung with remorse and sorrow, while his features wore an expression of easy indifference, slightly mingled with contempt, as if he felt himself, in a manner, the victim of a got-up scene. The language of the deceased had affected him so far only as his sympathy was called into action. Although he felt some degree of resentment when she at first approached and addressed him, he was deeply moved when, in her calm, gentle accents, she lifted her eyes heavenward, and sought the Divine blessing upon him. His heart was pierced through by her few and simple words; and the agonies of death seemed to have wrung his own frame as Caroline's sweet spirit passed away, and left her with a peaceful smile on her mouth, like an infant just fallen to sleep. The arrow rankled in his heart; but he set his features to an expression far removed from that which they naturally would have assumed, the more effectually to prevent any outward sign of his inward emotion

from being exposed to his high-spirited victim or haughty rival, preferring in his proud heart to appear unfeeling and inhuman, rather than excite the pity of those whose contempt he felt he merited. Men will ever choose the hatred rather than the pity of their fellow-beings.

But the depth of his emotion could not entirely subdue the outbreakings of that passion which formed a prominent and a fatal point in his character when an object was present to excite it, and it was with visible confusion that he saw Eugenie, glowing with resentment, immediately rise up and confront him. His embarrassment was, however, but momentary, and he listened with a cool smile as she addressed him, though every word she uttered sunk to his heart. When she ceased, he said, with cutting severity in his sarcastic tones—" Verily, if I had been Lucifer himself, I could not have been more highly honoured. 'Tis a pity, lady, such sweet lips and such a rich-toned voice should discourse

of aught beside love—thy bright eyes enforcing each argument."

Eugenie looked on him for a moment in undisguised wonder and scorn, and then tremblingly kneeled by the dead body, upon whose face her hot tears trickled fast. She was roused, however, by Arden, who advanced upon Burton as he was speaking, and said, while his voice trembled with emotion—"Man or demon, whichever thou art, avaunt!"

"And leave thee this pretty orator to beguile thy leisure hours," replied Burton, with the most provoking calmness.

The indignant Arden, unable to restrain his feelings, replied by striking him a violent blow in the breast with his sword-hilt.

Burton staggered back, but recovering himself, attacked his antagonist so madly, that the cooler Arden, who was prepared to receive him, had all the advantage, and after two or three passes, he disarmed him, sending his sword flying to the extremity of the hall, at the same

time presenting the point of his own at his breast.

Eugenie sprung forward and arrested his arm.

Burton took up his weapon, and gnashing his teeth with rage, said, as he descended the steps of the portico—"When next we meet, we part not thus:" he hastily traversed the avenue, and in a few moments his horse's footsteps were heard swiftly moving along the outer hedge of the garden.

Arden and Eugenie remained in the same attitude in which he had left them, until the sounds had quite died away, when the latter, releasing her grasp of his sword, pressed her hand to her temples, and with a melancholy cry of anguish, would have fallen, had he not caught her across the body of the now happy Caroline, who in this world had expiated, alas, how severely! the punishment that followed her error.

Poor Eugenie! the fate of Caroline was in-

deed enviable, when compared with hers: the excitement of her mind subsided with the absence of its cause. Carried forward with the rapid transition of events, and shocked by the tragic end of Caroline, she had not yet time to reflect on her own state, and realize how deeply all these things affected her individual happiness. With the departure of Burton, the proud spirit, which had come to her aid in the time of trial, deserted her; and like the contemplation of his death-hour to the condemned, her close connection with the developments she had been a witness to, and the horrible reality of all that had passed, and its relation to herself, rushed upon her thoughts, and she sunk under the weight of affliction that pressed upon her young heart. She did not faint, but she was struck with mute and dreadful grief, the more fearful that it could find no relief in tears. She leaned upon the sustaining arm of Arden, in the full and lively consciousness of all her suffering; her eyes were hard, and the fountain of tears seem-

ed to have been dried up; her lips refused utterance, although trembling to articulate; her bosom heaved short and quick; her breathing was difficult and audible; and her whole frame seemed alive, and expressive of intense mental agony.

Arden was alarmed.—"Miss De Lisle," he said, looking into her face, which was eloquent with anguish, "speak to me! Do not feel it so deeply! Merciful Heaven, her reason has fled! Speak, Eugenie! Oh, God, what suffering! Weep—let me see you shed one tear, Eugenie! If you love—no, no, I meant not so; but try and relieve your heart with tears. You will die—oh, God, you will die!" cried the distressed Arden, as he supported her in his arms, and gazed into her eyes, which wore that suffering expression that we often see in the eyes of children who are afflicted with some severe physical pain, which equally terrifies and distresses them. The cup was indeed full to the brim.

Every moment he expected the delicate vessel would break, when her heart suddenly overflowed, and tears, happy, merciful tears, came to her relief.

We will not linger over a scene so distressing. Arden embraced an interval of calmness; and Eugenie yielding herself to his protection, was, ere half an hour elapsed, in the maternal arms of Mrs. Washington, who poured the balm of sympathy over her wounded spirit, and bound up her broken heart.

Like legitimate storytellers, we should here account for the timely appearance of Arden, and the very untimely reappearance of Burton at the cottage.

Arden, surprised at the audacity of the attack upon his person, and prevented by his own arrest from taking any measures for the safety of his charge, had beheld Eugenie borne off in dismay. When however, after the leader of the party had ridden out of sight with her, he was released by the dragoons, he commanded two of

the soldiers, who now came up sufficiently crest-fallen, to guard the remaining lady safely to her villa, while he ordered the others to search the stables for a horse.—" Ha! whom have we here?" he suddenly exclaimed, as Jacques's head and shoulders hove in sight on the verge of the hill.

This valiant warrior had remained trembling behind the rock during the scene we have described; but after the departure of the dragoons, he rode from his concealment, and followed the dragoons up the steep ascent. The soldiers, turning at the exclamation, and seeing a horseman so near them, were about to fly, supposing themselves again set upon by the enemy, when Arden, who saw that he was alone, and manifested no very belligerent attitude, restrained them, and advancing to the rider, demanded his business.

" By my beard! comrades, I have sought your protection from the Philistines, for I see ye are good men and true."

"Give up your sword," demanded Arden.

Jacques complied, and said—"Thou art an officer, worshipful, but not I; though I wear a sword by my thigh, I am nought but a poor private."

"Dismount," said Arden, impatiently. "Soldiers, hold him under arrest, but harm him not." Then taking a hasty leave of the lady, in whose breast indignation rather than fear was predominant, and ordering the soldiers to recover their muskets from the water, and remain at the villa until his return, he mounted the horse which Jacques had surrendered, and galloped to the top of the hill; he then spurred forward to the road, on which afar off he could faintly discern through the gathering darkness what appeared to be a squadron of horse. To make sure that he pursued the right road, he dismounted, and carefully examining the ground, discovered by the marks that horses had passed that way towards the town. He remounted and rode forward, and soon approached near enough

to distinguish the party who had attacked him riding at full speed, with Eugenie in their midst. At length the troop halted at the head of a lane. Arden drew aside to elude observation, and saw the whole party, except three, proceed towards town; these, one of whom was Eugenie, he beheld shortly after turn down the lane, and ride rapidly towards Broadway.—"I will outwit this arch intriguer," he exclaimed, as he saw this manœuvre, "and protect Eugenie from the snare laid for her with my life!"

He rode after them, lingering so far behind as to keep them in sight, and at length turned into the lane, which, overshadowed by trees, enabled him to advance nearer to them unperceived. When Burton sent Zacharie forward to the cottage, and Eugenie reining up, questioned him in relation to her destination, Arden resolved to rescue her then. Alighting, he secured his horse to the hedge, and advancing softly, came so near as to overhear enough of their conversation to enable him to judge of the inten-

tions of Burton, and to be assured of the artless confidence of Eugenie. His first impulse was to rush upon Burton, and win her from his grasp at the sword's point. After deliberating a moment, however, he determined to adopt another course. He therefore returned to his horse, and followed, as they rode forward, until they alighted at the gate of the cottage. He then approached closer, and would have dismounted and pursued his investigations further, but was defeated in his object by the presence of Zacharie, and his purpose was to avoid discovery. He hovered around the house, and determined to enter after the departure of Burton; but at length, for fear of being encountered, and thereby defeating his object, he rode slowly towards the head of the lane, when the sound of horses' feet led him to quicken his pace. The result is already known.

When Arden dismounted at the gate the voices in the arbour arrested his ear. He listened to the playful story told by Eugenie until

the shriek of the ill-starred Caroline called him to her aid. It was Burton's suspicions of the true character of the spy he had pursued, that induced him to return a second time to the cottage.

CHAP. III.

The Battle.

On the memorable morning of the twenty-seventh of August 1776, the citizens of New York were aroused from their slumbers by a heavy cannonading from the south-east, and these ominous sounds convinced them that the attack, which the American army had been, for the last two days, busily making preparations to meet, had at length commenced. A thousand prayers from a thousand patriot hearts ascended to heaven with every report of the artillery, while mothers and maidens sought their closets to pray for those most dear to them. The battery, the wharfs, the roofs of the houses, and the spires of churches, were thronged with spectators; their bosoms

agitated by various emotions, as the hopes of the tory or the fears of the whig prevailed.

The army at Brooklyn, which had been reenforced by the six regiments under general Putnam, who now assumed the command there, heard the first distant discharge of cannon, as they lay on their arms, with an interest still more intense. General Putnam, who, by the greatest exertions, had got the army in a situation to receive and repel an attack, was riding along the lines, encouraging the soldiers, by the most animated exhortations, to preserve coolness and courage. The cannonading continued to increase, and as the day dawned, became spirited, occasionally mingled with the roll of musketry, and the dull heavy report of a mortar; while the colonial army, drawn up in line, stood anxiously awaiting the approach of the enemy.

The British army had landed the morning of the twenty-second on the south-west coast of Long Island, about two leagues below the town: resting their centre at Flatbush, they stretched

their right wing towards Flatland, and extended their left to the shore on which they had disembarked. The centre at Flatbush, by this position, was but little above a league distant from the American lines at Brooklyn, while the wings were five or six miles.

Such was the position of the British army the evening of the twenty-sixth, separated from the enemy only by a long range of thickly-wooded hills, through which were two or three passes, strongly guarded by detachments of American troops. During the night, both wings of the British army simultaneously advanced. The right wing and van, under general Clinton, seized a pass about three miles east of the village of Bedford, and at daybreak crossed the heights, surprising and capturing the guard posted there; then entering the level country on the opposite side, they immediately advanced to turn the flank of the American left.

General Grant, with the left wing of the British army, advanced along the coast with ten

pieces of artillery; and to draw the attention of the Americans from their left, and to cause them to direct their whole force to this point, he moved slowly, skirmishing as he advanced. As, nevertheless, he continued to gain ground, general Putnam sent strong detachments, which he constantly re-enforced, to check his advance. At length he directed general Stirling to lead two of the regiments along the road from the Narrows, by which Grant was approaching. It was nearly dawn when lord Stirling gained the heights over which the road passed. There he was joined by the previous re-enforcements sent by Putnam, which, slowly and in good order, were retreating before the British column, which was in sight. He immediately prepared to defend the heights, when the British opened the spirited cannonade, the thunder of which had started the citizens of the beleaguered city from their beds.

Satisfied with defending the heights, Stirling made no attempt to advance on the enemy below. General Grant, on his part, had no in-

tention of trying to drive him from his position until he should be informed of the success of that part of the plan of attack that had been intrusted to general Clinton. The two columns, therefore, kept up a distant cannonading, with occasionally a sharp skirmish between advanced parties of infantry, which continued for several hours without any material advantage. In addition to this, and the more effectually to bewilder the Americans, and draw their attention to this quarter, the British fleet amused itself by keeping up a noisy and incessant cannonade upon the battery at Red Hook.

While both wings of the invading army were moving forward—one in silence, to a real, the other, with the roar of artillery and roll of musketry, to a feigned attack—their centre, composed of Hessians under general De Heister, continued to stand its original ground at Flatbush, which it was ordered to maintain until Clinton's ruse had been successfully executed. To divert the attention of the Americans from

the right wing, De Heister kept up a warm cannonade against general Sullivan, who, with a considerable force had thrown himself between him and the American army for the purpose of defending a pass in the highlands, which was directly in front of the British centre. By this *ruse de guerre* the attention of the American general was drawn wholly to the British left and centre, while their main column, the right wing, consisting of the largest part of the army, was advancing in silence and secrecy against the American left. Every step of Clinton's progress, after he had seized the eastern pass and crossed the heights, not only brought him nearer the lines at Brooklyn, but in the rear of the generals Sullivan and Stirling, who were on the heights, defending their respective passes against Grant and De Heister. No military stratagem during the revolutionary contest was better planned or more singularly successful than this.

At length, some time after sunrise, an aid-de-camp came spurring up, and informed general

De Heister that Clinton had reached Bedford, and gained the rear of Sullivan's left. On receiving this information, he advanced to attack this officer's position. Sullivan's forces awaited the attack with firmness, when a firing in their rear from Clinton's column, which at this instant turned their left flank, threw them into confusion. In vain Sullivan tried to rally them. Without waiting to receive the charge of De Heister and his Hessians, they turned their backs and fled, in the greatest confusion and completely routed, each man seeking to gain the security of the camp at Brooklyn, with reference only to his individual safety. The centre advanced to an easy victory, and hastened to form a junction with its right wing. The Americans, driven before it, found themselves hemmed in between two armies, and seeking to cut their way back to their camp in detachments, were slain in great numbers.

General Stirling, hearing from his position the firing towards Brooklyn, saw at once the deception that had been practised, and aware of

the critical situation of the army, he made a precipitate retreat. Lord Cornwallis, however, had thrown himself in his rear, and occupied the only avenue by which he could withdraw his troops. Without hesitation, he gallantly attacked and nearly dislodged him from his position; but overpowered by superior numbers, he at length surrendered, with the remnant of his brave regiment, prisoners of war.

Having anticipated events a little in the last paragraph to open a clearer road to our story, we now revert to the movements of the column under general Clinton, which so unexpectedly and fatally to the American army, decided the fate of the day, and with which the thread of our romance is more closely woven.

The left wing of the Americans was drawn up along the northern face of the heights, and was in part covered by a thick wood which extended to their summits. About eight o'clock in the morning, near the edge of this wood, on slightly rising ground in front of the lines, was

gathered a group of mounted officers, distinguished among whom was general Putnam, who was momently receiving reports or sending orders to different parts of the field. The cannonading from the British centre and left was incessant, and nearly the whole effective force of the American army had been fruitlessly dispatched against these two bodies, which, as we have seen, were believed to be the only attacking columns, and also to comprise the whole force of the British army.

"How goes it with Sullivan, Ogden?" inquired general Putnam of a young officer, who, at the moment we introduce the reader to the group, rode up, covered with mud and foam.

"Warmly enough. The Hessians play their artillery to lively music."

"Have they left their position?"

"Not a foot. Sullivan holds the pass, and De Heister contents himself with exchanging six-pounders with him at a distance. I know not what to make of it."

"'Tis an odd game John Bull is playing throughout," replied the general. "Welcome, major Burton!" he cried to that officer, who at that instant dashed into the midst of the party, with his horse reeking, his sword drawn and bloody, and his whole appearance that of one from the midst of the fight. "You have seen the enemy! How goes the day? Does Stirling hold his ground? needs he further re-enforcements?"

"He still holds the pass, and will, no doubt, maintain it with what men he has. The British have made several feints, but have not yet tried to force his position."

"Clinton is at some deep game," said general Putnam, with a thoughtful brow.

"Neither Clinton, Percy, nor Cornwallis, are with either of the divisions," continued Burton. "I approached that opposed to lord Stirling near enough to distinguish the staff with my glass. I met Livingston on the field, who reconnoitered the column at Flatbush, and reports

the same. The British are not playing their artillery all the morning for their own amusement. It is Clinton's intention to surprise us, if he can, by seizing some unguarded pass through the highlands, and so turn our flank. This firing is only to divert us till he succeeds."

"But all the passes are well guarded, major Burton; and we should instantly be apprized of any such attempts by our outposts."

"They may have surprised these, and so prevent your receiving any information; moreover, there are no horse among the detachments, and the enemy would be here as soon as they."

"It may be so. Spur forward, major Burton, and collect what news you can."

The aid-de-camp buried his spurs to the rowel-head, and disappeared on the road towards Bedford. He entered the path which led along the heights, and rode forward until he came within sight of the village; suddenly he heard discharges of musketry, the shouts of combatants, and the report of artillery. He involun-

tarily reined up, but the next moment rode forward to an eminence by the roadside, and beheld the British column under Clinton advancing in an interminable line along the Jamaica road. Its vanguard had already surprised the detachment in the village, completely routing them after receiving their irregular fire.

A glance satisfied him that it would be in vain to attempt to rally the dispersed troops, which had reached the hill, and were flying past him along the road to regain the camp at Brooklyn; and turning his horse's head, he rode back at full speed to convey the intelligence to general Putnam.

He had hardly regained the road when he was involved in the confused melée of the retreating detachment, which its officers were vainly endeavouring to rally. But discipline had given place to fear; and throwing down their muskets, with their faces set towards Brooklyn, the panic-struck warriors fled, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, so that the first

intimation the American army were likely to receive of the approach of the enemy was by their outposts tumbling in headlong upon their line.

"Gentlemen," cried Burton to the leaders, as they came to a gorge in the road defended by high banks, "make a stand here if in your power; give the enemy a momentary check."

With the exertions of two or three of the officers, and the animating voice of Burton, they rallied; but as the plumes and bayonets of the enemy appeared over the top of the hill, they broke, and again fled with precipitation on the main body. In despair, Burton put spurs to his horse and galloped forward. Half way from the lines he met general Putnam, who, advancing thus far in his anxiety to gain intelligence, found himself at once in the midst of his flying soldiers.

"For God's sake, major Burton, speak! Have they possession of the pass?"

"A column some thousands strong have sur-

prised Bedford, are now entering the pass, and in thirty minutes will turn our flank!"

"We are lost."

"There is no hope, certainly, for the left wing, sir."

"Nor for the whole army. Not a man will stand in the ranks to meet the desperate charge. See," he said, as they came in sight of the American army, "the lines already begin to waver, panic-struck by the wild rush of their comrades towards them."

"The army must retreat."

"There is no alternative."

After a moment's discussion of their perilous situation, and ascertaining more accurately the overwhelming force coming upon them, general Putnam ordered a retreat. To retire in the face of an excited and conquering foe, before a blow has been struck by the fugitives to rouse their blood, is almost always fatal. Alarmed by the firing on their flank, and by the flying soldiers, the Americans, although they began to retreat

in good order, soon broke into regiments, and then into companies, and retiring in disorder and haste, endeavoured to regain the works in their rear. General Putnam, nevertheless, by his presence of mind saved a great portion of the ill-fated wing.—" Burton," he said to his aid-de-camp, who had just reined up by his side, after conveying an order to a colonel of a regiment in great peril, whom he assisted in successfully extricating his command, " there are two or three companies of infantry by yonder copse ; their colonel is down, with half a dozen of his officers, and I fear they will give way before they reach the intrenchments. Ride and place yourself at their head."

The party in question was defending itself with gallantry against a superior force. The quick eye of the young soldier saw that they were hemmed in on three sides by a marsh thickly set with bushes, which prevented farther retreat ; and that, unless they could cut their way by a bold charge through the ranks of their

foes, they must either surrender prisoners of war, or be cut to pieces. Skirting the copse, and gathering, as he spurred along, half a score of stragglers, who rallied under his orders, he came unobserved upon the flank of the enemy, here but two or three deep, and through an opening in the hedge, charged them vigorously. At this sudden attack from an unlooked-for quarter, they gave way: following up his success, he leaped into the area, and wheeling round, placed himself at the head of the division he had come to aid.—"Now, my brave fellows," he shouted to the soldiers, who still presented a firm front, "I will save you, or share your fate. Follow me!" Firing his pistols in the faces of the enemy, he waved his sword, and rode upon their bristling bayonets.

The Americans, inspired by the presence and example of their new leader, made a sudden and desperate charge; the opposing phalanx swayed to and fro before it, but settled again after

the first shock, and stood as firm as an iron wall.

"Retreat, and try them again!" shouted Burton, wheeling and placing himself at their head.

Thrice was the command repeated, and as many times was it obeyed. Before the third desperate charge, the solid ranks of the English gave way, and the determined band of Americans gained the open hill-side; and although hard pressed by their foes, who closed upon their rear, they retreated in good order, and safely retired within the intrenchments.

Burton, however, after they had gained the open field, left them to effect their retreat alone. He had turned to rejoin general Putnam, when Zacharie, whom he had not seen since daybreak, mounted on the horse of some dismounted English officer, made his appearance, galloping down a steep descent at the imminent peril of his neck, and shouting at the top of his lungs—"For the love of the Virgin and all the saints, help the general!—he is hard pressed."

"Where?"

"This way."

Guiding his horse over the ground, strewn with the dead and the dying, Zacharie crossed a low wooded ridge closely followed by Burton, who, on gaining the summit, beheld general Putnam on foot, his horse slain, gallantly defending himself against two grenadiers and a mounted Hessian officer, while two dragoons lay dead at his feet.—"To the rescue, major Burton!" he shouted, dealing a well-directed blow upon the head of a grenadier with the butt end of a carbine, and striking him to the ground, at the same time parrying a pass of the Hessian's sword; "to the rescue!" shouted Zacharie, as he came in sight; and descending the hill-side at a furious rate, he drove his horse full against the remaining grenadier, as he was about to revenge his comrade by a tremendous stroke of his broadsword on the uncovered head of the general, and bore him bodily to the ground. The next in-

stant he was upon his throat.—"Yield thee, Goliath, or say thy paternoster, and be dirked."

"I yield," cried the disabled soldier.

Burton at the same instant crossed blades with the Hessian, who was pressing hard upon his antagonist, now greatly exhausted by the unequal combat. He had exchanged but two or three passes with the fiery foeman, when two British officers, galloping over the field, seeing the contest, turned and rode up at full speed. General Putnam, who had sprung upon Zacharie's horse as Burton relieved him from his furious assailant, now prepared to receive the new-comers.

They came up as Burton sent the Hessian's blade whistling over his head, and buried his sword in his body.—"Lie there, base hireling!" he said, wheeling his horse to meet one of his fresh foes, each of them having singled out an antagonist, who now came up. Instantly their weapons clashed, and also at the moment after did those of Putnam and his assailant, the four combatants seeming, as the sun glanced upon

the bright flashing steel, to be wielding swords of flame.

He who had selected Burton was a noble-looking young soldier, with a falcon eye, and firm but beautiful lip: he sat his spirited animal with ease and grace, and rode like an experienced horseman. His skill as a rider was, however, surpassed by his mastery of the sword; and as he encountered Burton, who was no ways his inferior in either accomplishment, it would seem that two swordsmen were never engaged in hostile combat more equally matched or more skilled in the use of their weapons.

They had fought for several minutes without either gaining the advantage, when sir Henry Clinton and staff, followed by a squadron of horse, came spurring over the adjacent hill, and were passing onward: but suddenly an orderly serjeant separated from the body, and galloped towards the combatants. When he came within hailing distance, he shouted—"General Clinton

desires that major Andre will join him without delay."

"We will meet another time, fair sir," said the young officer, receiving his antagonist's sword on the guard of his own.

"May it be as friends rather than enemies, sir," answered Burton, chivalrously dropping the point of his weapon and reining back.

"Amen!" was the reply; and the gallant young Englishman, waving the sword so lately aimed at his life in a parting salute to his foe, cantered over the field to join the staff of his general.

Meanwhile general Putnam and his antagonist, though less equally matched, fought with equal energy: at length, already wearied with his previous encounters, the former was nearly ready to give way, when Zacharie lifted a four-pound shot from the ground, and cast it with all his force against the breast of the English officer. His sword dropped from his hand, and he only saved himself from falling by grasping his horse's mane;

then burying his spurs into his flanks, he had sufficient strength to guide him over the battle-field in the direction of his party, towards which the animal carried him at the top of his speed.

" Thou wouldst make a good piece of artillery, lad," said Putnam, with a smile, " only mount thee upon wheels. Thy hand has done me good service."

" Thank the British. 'Twas one of his own marbles I snapped at him."

" Well, major," said Putnam, as Burton came up, " we are masters of the lists. I did only gallop to the opposite hill to reconnoitre, leaving my staff on the edge of yonder wood, when I was here set upon. I would rather wrestle with a score of wolves than one such Hessian as you have just quieted. Your presence was well timed. See ! Yonder squadron of horse is at some mischief; oblige me by following them, and report what you may discover."

He then galloped back to regain his staff, while Burton, followed by the victorious Zacharie,

rode off after the troop which the British officers had joined. It had just entered the forest at the foot of the heights, and its last file was trotting out of sight when he started. He dashed forward over a pathway strewn with dead bodies, firearms, cannon balls, and dismounted artillery, and in a few minutes gained the wood. He then drew rein to advance more cautiously for fear of surprise, but was proceeding, nevertheless, at a good pace along the forest track, when, as he was about to ford a brook that gurgled across his path, he descried two men a few yards higher up the stream; one was a private, the other a single horseman, dismounted, and watering his horse. His head was uncovered, and he was wiping the perspiration from his brow, while the chest and limbs of the animal were spotted with foam.

A single glance was sufficient—it was Arden! Burton threw himself from his horse, leaving the rein in Zacharie's hand, and advanced upon him. Midway between them the rivulet made a circu-

lar sweep, leaving a small level space between its banks and an overhanging rock. Two or three large trees grew on the spot, interlocking their branches above, and the sward was short and verdant: it was such a place as two knights of the duello would select to tilt in mortal combat. Arden discovered Burton at the same instant that he himself was recognised by him. A proud smile only was visible on his lips. He advanced when he saw him dismount, and they met on the spot described with haughty tread and flashing eyes.

"Colonel Arden, I have sought you," fiercely cried Burton, drawing his sword.

"And you have found me, major Burton," quietly replied Arden, also unsheathing his blade.

The next moment steel rung against steel, and the two rivals warmly engaged. One was cool and quiet, and stood only on the defensive; the other was fiery and vengeful, and exerted

all his skill to disarm or transfix his antagonist: every thrust of his sword was aimed at Arden's bosom; ruse, feint, and sleight, and every known trick of fence, were in vain employed as instruments of his revenge. Every fatally-directed pass was turned aside by science equal to that which directed it; and ruse and stratagem were met by a ready hand and a cool head.

Zacharie in the meanwhile had secured the horses to a sapling, and came up to be a spectator, or aider, as the case might be, of the combat.

The companion, or follower of Arden, however, continued to remain in the back ground.

The sharp eye of Zacharie detected him cautiously peeping over the horse's back, and gazing at the combatants.—"Now will I have a by-play of my own," said he, crossing the area, and advancing towards him; "like master like man. Come, sir," he cried, as he came up, "suppose we take a bout together, just to keep our hands

in; 'twill take the rust off our blades, and stir up the blood."

"Nay, most valiant Zacharie, my blade is quite bright, and what pint or two of blood I have left from these bloody wars needeth not stirring," said the voice of Jacques Cloots, his round face appearing at the same time over the saddle like the full moon newly risen.

"Art thou there, man of wax? I thought thy soul had been frightened out o' thy bones, at Kip's Bay, by the dragoons I quartered on thee."

"By my beard, Zach!——" stoutly commenced Jacques.

"Zach me no Zach!" cried Zacharie, sharply.

"No, valiant Zacharie, I will not—not I! Art not my old comrade and countryman? Not I, by my beard!"

"Tell thy tale, then. Where hast thou been?"

"I was taken prisoner, most valiant, by thy

dragoons, after giving and receiving divers grievous wounds on hip and thigh, and was despoiled of my steed. When they found I was a true man, and not one o' the enemy, they let me go."

"How found your ass-ship the way here to-day?"

"I then went back to my company to keep from being shot for deserting; and when they came over the water to do battle, I came too. I was drinking here, when yon great warrior, fighting there, bid me hold his horse."

"And where is thy company?"

"By my beard, I am the only one left alive!" replied Jacques, swaggering.

"Because thou art the only one who ran away. Now, as thou art in thyself, by thine own tale, a whole company, thou wilt not fear a single man—so draw!"

"Oh no, valiant——"

"Draw!"

"Oh no——"

"Draw!"

"Oh!"

"Then take a pummelling! 'Twill be glory enough for me to have whipped a whole company." Thus speaking, Zacharie set upon Arden's esquire with his fists, and left him bruised "hip and thigh," and groaning with the multitude and vastness of his wounds.

While this by-play was going on, the contest between Arden and Burton continued with vigour, characterized still by the coolness of the one and the warmth of the other. At length, by a sudden and skilful pass, by which he laid himself open to his antagonist's point, Arden struck his sword, and sent it whirling through the air. For an instant he continued to hold his arm in the attitude in which the movement had thrown it, and followed it with his eye. That unguarded moment was nearly fatal to him; Burton closed with him, caught his uplifted arm, and wrenched his sword from his grasp; then shortening it by the blade till he could make use of

it like a dagger, he drove it with violence against his breast. The blow was turned aside by Arden, and the steel passed through the fleshy part of his arm; again it was raised, and descended like lightning; it was a second time averted from the seat of life, but sunk deep into his shoulder. As the warm blood stained Burton's hand, he relinquished his hostile embrace. The clattering of hoofs and ringing of sabres being now heard in a distant part of the forest, he took up his sword, hastily remounted his horse, and followed by Zacharie, spurred off in the direction he was originally pursuing when he fell in with his rival.

He had but a few moments disappeared, when general Putnam and several officers came up at the head of a regiment, moving at double quick time, on their way to the heights to support Sullivan in his retreat.—"Ha!" he exclaimed, seeing Arden leaning against a tree, "colonel Arden wounded?"

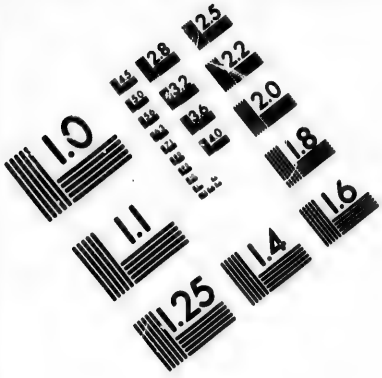
"Slightly," he replied.

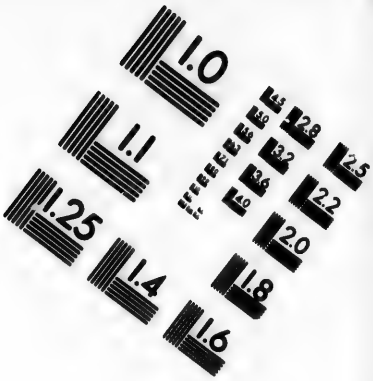
"You have been hard set upon; some Hessian, I dare say: you must be looked after. Carmichael, do see if he is badly hurt."

The surgeon examined and dressed his wounds, and pronounced them not dangerous if the patient were prudent. He was then assisted to his horse, and conducted under a small escort to the intrenchments.

As general Putnam [illegible]ted the heights with the small force he had been able to keep together in the general panic, a party of officers, among whom he distinguished general Washington, rode towards him from East River, the whole cavalcade at the top of their speed. They drew up as they met the division.—"A total rout, Putnam?" inquired Washington, with anxiety.

"Total, sir; and not less than a thousand killed in the retreat. Yonder goes, except this, the last regiment, or what remains of it, into camp. If you choose not capture, sir, ride no farther in this direction," he added, as Wash-





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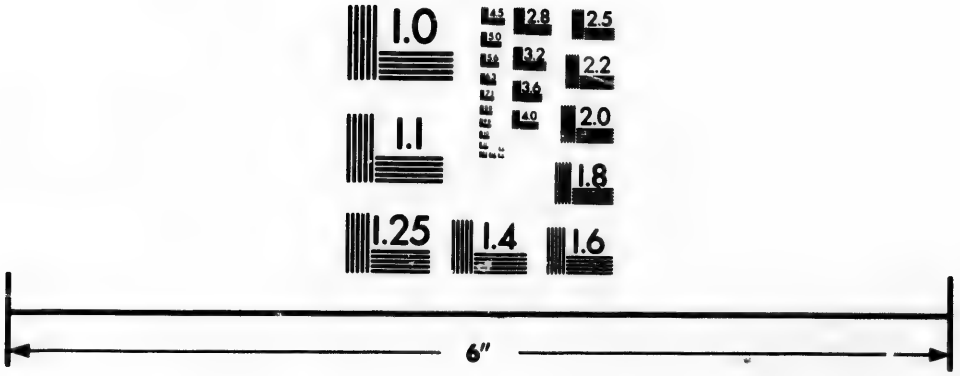

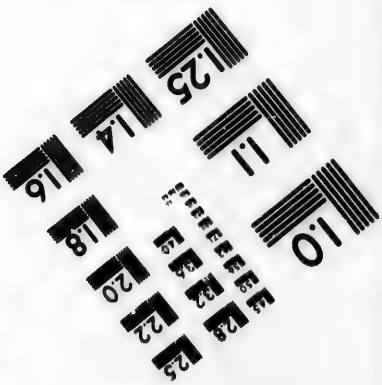

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ington, who crossed over from New York as the fight became warmer, prepared to move forward.

" Unfortunate day!" exclaimed he, with anguish, looking upon the destruction of his best troops in the plains below without the power to aid them.—" Putnam, we must do all we can to save the remnant of the army. The enemy will no doubt follow up his success by storming the intrenchments. Oh God! what slaughter at the foot of yonder hill!"

" Cannot something be done by a bold stroke with the troops from the city?" inquired general Putnam, with animation.

" And leave New York defenceless, a prize to the British fleet, which hovers in the bay like a hawk over its victim."

" There are yet a few regiments of fresh troops within the lines," said an officer who rode by Washington's side; " they possibly may retrieve the day."

" True, Livingston; but I dare not draw out

a single company remaining in the intrenchments to aid our broken division: if they also should be defeated, the whole camp would be lost, and the army totally destroyed. With every soldier, both in New York and the lines at Brooklyn, I should still be inferior in numbers to the enemy; and the whole country might be staked in thus endeavouring to regain a lost battle. Painful," he added, turning his eyes away from several retreating detachments of the broken army, some at bay, fighting desperately with the enemy's infantry, others flying, pursued and cut down by the British and Hessian horse, "dreadful to behold such carnage, without the power to aid the brave fellows who fight so well!—Putnam, help Sullivan, if possible. I will to the intrenchments, and make an effort to preserve the camp, and those who escape the slaughter."

Washington, leaving general Putnam to ride after his regiment, galloped down the hill, fol-

lowed by his staff, and pursued his way over the ground towards the lines.

"We must ride for it, sir," said Livingston, as they turned an angle of the wood. "See, the whole British army is down upon us."

"And threaten to storm the works. They show a bold front. Our time is brief. Ride!"

The British, who at first had charged tumultuously and in parties, formed as they approached the American intrenchments, and, as general Livingston spoke, appeared marching in close order over the field, but at a quick pace, and with loud shouts, as if they intended to carry the American works. Pressing forward as they descried this movement, Washington and his party, a few minutes afterward, entered the lines.

The British general, however, [illegible] willing to hazard too much, and perhaps satisfied with the success of the day, seeing that the Americans were secure within their defences, and being ig-

norant of the strength of the works and number of the garrison, restrained the ardour of his troops, and pitched his camp in front of their intrenchments.

CHAP. IV.

The Council.

THE setting sun flung his red beams over the battle-field, tinging the atmosphere with a sanguine hue, as if Nature sympathized with the scenes that had just been enacted there, and glanced also upon the plume and armour of an English horseman, who was riding slowly over the ground towards the British camp. The green fields and the pleasant woods were strewn with the dead and the dying; and the rivulets, which had meandered musically in the morning through glens and over rocky beds, were choked with dead bodies, and turned from their natural channels, their bloody waves staining their banks

with a crimson hue. Death in its most horrible forms lay before the horseman's eyes for many a mile. Beneath a perpendicular rock, against which, facing his foes, it appeared he had bravely and desperately fought, lay an old man, his white locks begrimed with gore from a deep cut in his aged temples: he wore the dress of a yeoman of the soil—of one who had thrown down the sickle to grasp the sword in defence of his home. On either side of him lay two youths, also dead, their bodies pierced with many a ghastly wound: they bore the old man's likeness upon their features, and had died, no doubt, in defending the life of him who gave them their own. Beside them lay a gory heap of slain Hessians, the last and uppermost of the pile, with his hand on the breast of the old man, whose sword and that of one of his sons were both buried in his body: the three seemed to have died in one and the self-same struggle. Farther on, beside a brook that ran with blood, lay a soldier on his face, touching

the red water with his lips; he had crawled there, as it appeared from the bloody track behind him in the grass, to quench his burning thirst; but the water was turned to blood, and so he died. At the foot of a spreading oak, beneath whose widely-flung branches a thousand soldiers might at noonday stand in the shade, were strewn half a score of combatants: they were lying in every shape of death around the trunk, as if it had been an altar which the devotees of liberty had defended with their blood. Against the tree leaned one, pale and with an expression of anguish on his face; one hand was pressed against his side, from which the blood slowly oozed, and his eyes from time to time rolled upward, and his parched lips moved as if in unwonted prayer. Half way to the summit of a little mound overgrown with fern sat a youth, bareheaded, upon the dank ground, holding in his arms the head of an old man, who was already a corpse; but he, nevertheless, still continued to bathe his brows and lips from his

helmet with water, which, with filial piety, he had taken from the stream running past at the foot of the hill.

On the verge of the field, where the fight had been thickest, their bodies upright against a hedge, and eyeing each other with glazed eye-balls, stood face to face, stark and stiff, two dead men, each with his bayonet buried in his fellow's bosom: beside them sat a horse on his haunches, with a sword quivering in his breast, both his hind legs broken by a cannon-ball. In vain, with terrible groans, he strove to raise himself to his feet, and with his teeth to draw the weapon from his chest. His forefeet rested upon the corpse of his rider, whose breast he had broken in with his hoofs as he pawed the earth in the fierceness of his rage and pain. Suddenly, a bugle wound high and clear in a distant part of the field: the noble animal replied with a loud neigh, sprung with supernatural energy upon his feet, stood an instant, then reeled, tottered, and fell back dead.

Farther on, directly in the path of the horseman, a youth lay upon his side. His face was as calm as if he slept beneath his own peaceful roof-tree, which, perchance, he had but recently left, followed by a mother's prayers, and, perhaps, a maiden's tears. A rifle ball had entered his temples, and the wound bleeding inwardly, had left but a slight orifice. His hair fell in natural waves over his forehead, which calmly rested in his hand. His marble cheek only told that he slept the sleep that never knows a waking. From his hand had fallen a fowling-piece, which was lying beside him discharged; his companion in many a rural hunt, and aimed only at forest game, it did not avail him in the field of human contest. The hand that had clasped it was placed in his bosom over a miniature, worn by a chain of silken brown hair, about his neck. The horseman paused a moment to contemplate the scene, and then rode on.

"Alas," he said, sighing, "alas, poor maiden! this day has filled thy young heart with grief!

thou wilt see him for whom thou watchest no more! Relentless war! The soldier's steel pierces doubly; it strikes not only through his foeman's bosom, but pierces the heart of wife, mother, and mistress, with the same fatal blow. If we numbered the fallen in battle, not alone by counting broken heads or gashed limbs, but also by numbering the broken and crushed hearts of those who in secret and silent suffering fall with the slain, our catalogue would swell! Oh, war, war! When will an evil that assimilates earth to hell have an end?"

"When the kings and princes of the earth shall learn to fear the King of kings! When justice and the love of truth shall live in the hearts of those who sit in high places! When men's hearts are turned from the vanities of this world to seek after the realities of the next! When, at the second coming, *He* shall come who came first! *Then* shall the sword be turned into a ploughshare, and

the spear into a pruning hook! Then shall all nations know the Lord, that he ruleth in the armies of heaven, and over the inhabitants of the earth! Then shall the lion lie down with the lamb, and the child play with the adder! Then shall men forget war, and the rumours of war shall cease; the nations shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace, and each man sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make them afraid! Then will the devil be bound in chains, and Israel conquer for evermore. Verily, thou art answered, son of Belial!"

The horseman turned at this unexpected reply to his soliloquizing interrogation, and beheld, sitting on a stone a few feet distant, a middle-aged man, with a sallow complexion, and lank straight black hair, which came over his forehead nearly to his eyebrows, and was cut perfectly square above them. His face was long, sharp, and thin; his cheeks hollow and cadaverous, with angular bones. His brows were black and

shaggy, and a pair of wild lambent grey eyes glowed beneath them with the expression of incipient insanity. His garments, which were of a faded black colour and much worn, were shaped after the fashion of the followers of Penn. He leaned on a musket, and appeared, by a red silk handkerchief tied around his knee, to have been wounded. The horseman gazed upon him with curiosity, as he spoke in a wild enthusiastic manner, with a sharp nasal voice, and with a volubility of tongue that betrayed familiarity with extemporaneous speaking.

When he had concluded his address, he folded his hands upon his musket, and, shutting his eyes, began, in the same nasal strain, to chant, with a prolonged accent upon every other syllable, a hymn to the tune of Old Hundred, of which the horseman could only remember the following words of the last two stanzas :—

" Thou my foes hast stroke
All on the cheek-bones, and the teeth
Of wicked men have broke.

"I with my groaning weary am,
And I also all the night my bed
Have causéd for to swim; and I
With tears my couch have wateréd."

"My good sir," said the horseman, smiling, "methinks your own bones have been broken instead of your enemies', and that you rather have been watering the ground with you blood than your tears."

"Thou art a gentile—a son of Ishmael, and a lost child of Mammon! an enemy of the Lord and his saints, and an oppressor thereof! Wherefore comest thou here with thy proud trappings, which are the livery of the devil, to mock me? Thy voice is yet warm with shouting to the battle against my brethren! thy sword is reeking with the blood of the slain! Thou hast now conquered; but we have the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; and the day shall come when ye will be driven from the land like locusts. Ride, ride," he added, sternly; "and leave me to the devotions thou hast interrupted!"

" Thy devotions are likely to be again disturbed," said the horseman, as a party appeared numbering the slain, carrying off the wounded, and securing what prisoners they might fall in with.

At this moment three or four of the party, seeing the horseman, rode up, and the foremost, passing him with a respectful military salutation, approached the wounded rebel with his pistol levelled.

" Surrender, prisoner!"

" Verily, I will not surrender to thee, Philistine!" said the man, without moving. " If thou wilt have my weapon, get thee down and take it."

The soldier, with a suppressed oath, sprung from his horse to seize his musket, when, springing suddenly upon him as he was releasing his foot from the stirrup, the man struck him to the ground with a single blow of his fist; then, drawing the sabre of the fallen dragoon, he

waved it above his head, shouting—" The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

Before the mounted officer could interfere, one of the comrades of the dragoon levelled his pistol and fired. The sabre fell from his grasp, and, rolling his eyes wildly, he sunk upon the ground, muttering—" Of the Lord and of Gid—" and breathed out his life.

The horseman paused a moment, and gazed thoughtfully upon the body.—" When will a war end," he mused, reflectingly, " that draws the patriarch from his fireside, the ploughman from his field, the youth from his betrothed, and the enthusiast from his humble pulpit, to share its dangers! Never will a people be conquered who, actuated by the same feeling, rise as one man, and expose their breasts as a bulwark to their liberties! From their wonderful Congress and their remarkable leader down to the lowest hind, these Americans seem to be actuated by one sentiment. It must be a long and fruitless struggle to subdue such a people! We have

gained a victory to-day, indeed; but defeat will only rally men, engaged in such a cause as these are, in greater numbers; for every dead patriot that lies on this dearly-purchased field, ten men will rise up to avenge his death. A rebel army is like the fabled hydra; new heads spring multiplied from the bleeding trunk. Well, Chester," he said to an orderly serjeant, who rode up as he passed the outposts of the British camp, " you look as if you bore a message."

" I do, my lord, and was now on my way to your quarters; 'tis from general Howe."

" I am riding to meet him. Continue on to his tent—I follow."

They galloped forward and entered the camp, which was not yet quite settled into military order. At one place they passed a party of wounded soldiers sitting on the ground, and a surgeon inspecting their wounds, which were bound up hastily, but firmly and skilfully, by two of his assistants. On the opposite side a company were eating their supper before a half-

spread tent that some of their comrades were pitching; while far beyond were regiments or smaller detachments similarly occupied, and all presenting a busy, bustling scene. Farther on, a line was drawn up, and an officer was preparing the report of the missing in the day's fight; the fortunate soldiers—themselves unharmed, and perhaps, on that account, the more gay—careless, cheerful, and unconcerned. Those among them, who in the morning stood far removed from each other by intervening comrades, and now found themselves shoulder to shoulder, as they assembled at this roll-call, made even their contiguity a matter of jesting; happy in their own escape, they were forgetful of their fellows who but a little while before had separated them. Companies that now heard themselves commanded by a strange voice obeyed mechanically, nor seemed to mark the absence of their usual leader. The officer made these observations as he slowly rode through the camp: at length he came upon a more open space to

the right, and in front of the lines of the Americans, who were silently lying on their arms, within their defences, and a livelier scene presented itself. A tall pavilion was spread in an area surrounded by many smaller tents, and above it waved in the evening wind, and flashing in the setting sun, the red tri-crossed flag of Great Britain. Around this tent were gathered several British officers; some in pairs, conversing as they walked backward and forward before the pavilion; others, in small groups, both on horseback and on foot, talking earnestly, and pointing towards the intrenchments of the enemy, or the distant city, the spires of which, flaming in the sun, could be distinctly seen from this point of observation; and one or two were sitting beside a third, who reclined upon a cloak, and seemed to be suffering from recent wounds. Around the tent, and outside the groups of officers, were posted sentinels, who paced their silent round with the formal indifference of auto-

matons. Nearer the tent, and within the groups of officers, was a second chain of sentinels, two of which, with fixed bayonets, stood before the door to guard the entrance. In the door also stood an officer with a drawn sword, as if stationed there in the discharge of his duty. Every thing indicated that the pavilion was the headquarters of the conqueror, who had pitched his tent in the face of the enemy on the field he had won.

The horseman rode forward and dismounted at the first station in front, where several richly caparisoned horses, held by privates, stood in readiness for their riders to mount at a moment's warning.

Here leaving his horse, he walked through the group of officers, who stood aside with marks of deep respect as he approached; while two or three others, whose rank and friendship allowed them the liberty, addressed him familiarly, and congratulated him on the success of the day. After exchanging a few words with them

in relation to some individual exploits on the field, and shaking his head at a guess, ventured by one of the young officers, that the Americans might make a sally and attack them in their camp during the night, he entered the tent of the British general. The pavilion, though conspicuous in the tented field, was only so from its size and peculiarly beautiful shape; otherwise it was plain as those of the common soldiers. A straw carpet, or Indian mat, was laid upon the ground; and several camp-stools, covered with the rich carpeting of Brussels, a portable mahogany table, above which, suspended from the centre of the dome of the tent by a cord, hung a massive bronzed lamp, and a narrow cot bed, with a military cloak thrown over it, constituted the sole furniture of the warrior's abode. A bass drum standing near the entrance, one or two bugles, and several swords and articles of uniform lying about on the ground, or thrown upon the seats, relieved the air of nakedness it would otherwise have worn, and

added to its warlike character. Around the table at their wine sat four gentlemen, three of whom were evidently of high military rank in the British army; the fourth wore the uniform of an American major-general. They were conversing in an animated manner as the stranger entered.

"Good even, my lord of Cornwallis," said one of the gentlemen, a tall noble-looking soldier, who sat at the head of the table, rising to meet his guest with an open frank countenance, and an air of a man of high rank; "I rejoice with you on the success of his majesty's arms this day."

"A great victory, sir Henry, but dearly purchased with the lives of many of our bravest officers, and some four or five hundred men."

"No, no, my lord, not dearly purchased with all our lives. Freely would I sacrifice mine to end this war, and bring back these erring colonists to their allegiance. I beg your pardon, general Sullivan," he said, turning with courtesy

to the American officer, " but you must train your ears to hear plain language in a royal camp. My lord," he continued, " I have the honour of making known to you our brave enemy, for such is the fortune of war, and distinguished prisoner, major-general Sullivan."

The American bowed with cold and distant politeness, the English earl, with a cordial and friendly manner, as if he respected his situation, and so far as politeness would extend, sought to lessen his embarrassment. With one of the other gentlemen he shook hands, at the same time addressing him familiarly as Percy; to the fourth, who appeared to be a foreigner, he slightly and haughtily bent his head, a salutation that was returned with equal *hauteur;* and then seating himself between sir Henry Clinton and the American general, the conversation, which had been interrupted by his entrance, was continued.

" So, general," said lord Percy to general

Clinton, " you do not attempt to force the lines in the morning?"

" By no means. I am not advised of the actual strength of the enemy, and am unwilling to commit any thing to hazard."

" It ish kreat victoories vat ve gain by our swort dis day," said the foreign-looking officer, whose breast was covered with insignia of military rank, prefacing his remark with a tremendous oath, " ant it were petter, lords and gentlemen, to holt on vat ve have cot; von pird in de push, as you English proverb say, wort two in de hant."

General Sullivan stared at the speaker, and a smile of contempt curled his lip as he glanced from him to the British general.

Clinton understood him, and whispered in his ear—" You don't admire my Hessian ally; but in him you see how ignorance of a language undignifies as it were, and lays a man of education, sense, and talent, open to contempt and ridicule. I cannot hear De Heister speak Eng-

lish without laughing, and losing my respect for him; but when I hear him converse in his own tongue, I am forced to respect his eloquence and admire his genius. He is as noble in German as he is low in English. It is for this very reason I never speak a language that I do not well understand. We wear foreign languages like foreign garments, awkwardly and ridiculously."

General Sullivan assented with a nod to the truth of this remark.

"I do not quite agree with you, general De Heister," said the earl of Percy, in the blandest tones, and with the smile which usually prefaced his remarks, "if it is your intention to be satisfied with beating about the bush—to carry out your very happy figure—and not enter to catch the bird. It is my opinion," he continued, turning with his usual formal dignity to general Clinton, "that we should make an attempt at daybreak to force the enemy's lines. Men that could fly—I intend no offence to your feelings,

general Sullivan," he said, bowing apologetically, "as they fled this day, can have little stomach to withstand a well-directed charge from their victors. What says my lord of Cornwallis?"

"As I am a late participator in your councils, gentlemen," replied this nobleman, "I will listen further to the expression of your several opinions before I decide. Will general Clinton oblige me by informing me of the course he has decided to pursue?"

"It is to encamp here until to-morrow night, and refresh the army, and then break ground in form. General Howe has been riding over the field, and reports that within six hundred yards of a redoubt on our left we can work with ease, and be defended by the shipping. We shall press them so closely, that with the sea behind, their only alternative will be to surrender prisoners of war."

"I coincide with you," said Cornwallis, after a moment's reflection. "It will not only save bloodshed, but insure the entire dispersion of

their force, which even a successful attack might not do. Howe is of the same mind, you say?"

"He is, and should now be with us. He left shortly after the fate of the day was decided, to communicate with his brother, lord Howe, who had returned on board his frigate. They will, no doubt, soon be here to aid our councils. Percy, you are silent," he added; "shall we not be honoured with the weight of your influence?"

"I resign my opinion, being in the minority," he said, bowing to them; "but," he continued, pleasantly, "if the rebels escape our hands through our delay, I shall be sure, like the good wife in the tale, to remind you that I told you so."

"The responsibility rests with me, and I cheerfully assume it," said Clinton. "There is no danger, judging from their play to-day, that they will out-general us. I have never been more astonished than at the carelessness shown by the enemy; they left their passes open as if

they had invited us to enter. The genius of your chief, general Sullivan, appears to have deserted him on this occasion."

"A judicial blindness," said Percy, dryly.

"Not so," said Sullivan, his eyes kindling with animation; "it was no fault of Washington. In my presence he charged general Putnam, who took the command at Brooklyn, in the most earnest manner, to be in constant readiness for an attack, and to guard most strictly the passes through the heights. His orders were explicit, and so often enforced respecting the defence of these outposts, that he evidently regarded them as of the last degree of importance, and seemed to foresee the consequences of their being left without a sufficient guard."

"Then Putnam's laurels are somewhat tarnished," said lord Percy.

"Nor was it Putnam's fault, my lord," said Sullivan, turning to him. "If any are tarnished, they are my own, for I commanded the troops without the lines, although during the action I

was joined by Putnam. Detachments of troops occupied by my direction all the highland passes, and should have interrupted the advance of your column."

"Our patrols, it is true, encountered a small body of troops before daybreak in the eastern pass; but after discharging their firearms, they threw them down and surrendered, and we entered the gorge without interruption. No doubt one or two must have escaped in the darkness, and I am surprised you had no intimation of our approach till we came upon you."

"It is alone owing to our entire destitution of horse: our army did not contain a single corps of cavalry. Had we been in possession of a few hundred light-horse to act as videttes, stationing them at each of the passes, your approach would have been communicated to us in time to have prevented this movement from being so fatal to our army."

"But, sir generale," said De Heister, "dere vas no use for de horse ven de van vas drawn off

vrom Vlatbush to Vlatland last nicht. Den you no see de column move—ah! de horse no see in de dark more petter nor von rebel."

"Videttes, general De Heister, seem to me to have been equally necessary then," said lord Cornwallis; "foot are of no use half a mile in front of lines. Videttes are the antenna of an encamped army; they are as useful, and are of better service to a general, than the hundred eyes of Argus would be."

"It is entirely to the want of videttes that the fortune of the day has been decided against us," said general Sullivan; "and to no other causes can be ascribed our ignorance of your movements."

"Dere be no use of de vidette now for your army, generale Sullivane," said De Heister, ironically; "dey can see us plain if dey poke de top of der head above de parapete."

"Horse neither will be useful, nor will they have room for action in the lines, I allow," re-

plied Sullivan; "so you will be met on more equal terms."

"How think you, general," asked Percy, twirling like a top a wine-glass on the board as he spoke, "the news of this battle will affect Congress? Such a defeat, with your forces besieged on a small peninsula, without resources, must bring this body to our own terms, if only to save its army from certain destruction."

"The events of this day, doubtless, will give a gloomy aspect to our affairs, both in Congress and Parliament; but after the first shock is over, they will have a tendency to bind the colonies more firmly together. The safety of our army is a light weight thrown into the scale, my lord, against a nation's freedom. New armies will rise from the ashes of the old, and like the young phœnix, in renewed strength and vigour."

"Here be generale my lord Howe," said De Heister, tossing off a glass of wine, and going to the door of the tent, as a trampling of horses' feet was heard without.

The next moment voices were heard at the door, and a stout handsome man, in the prime of life, with sun-browned cheeks and a cheerful and benevolent countenance, wearing the uniform of a British admiral, accompanied by a taller and sterner man, in the dress of an English general officer, entered with some haste.

"Ah, De Heister," he said, "I am told your German blood was up to-day; no doubt you wore out two good Toledos. Cornwallis, your most obedient: why, you look as grave as if you were a prisoner, and not a conqueror. My lord of Percy, you've got something worth smiling at to-day. Clinton, I see you are at your Te Deum. Well, my old chaplain says wine maketh the heart glad. Ha!" he added, his countenance suddenly changing to one of deep respect and sympathy, as his eye fell on the American general, "have I the pleasure of seeing general Sullivan?"

"You do, my lord," said the American; "our present meeting is not like our former one."

"It is not, sir; but such is the fortune of war," answered lord Howe, seating himself at the table. His companion, after bowing with dignity and in silence to the gentlemen present, took a seat a little to one side, as if from habit or natural reserve he shunned communion with his fellow-men, and chose rather to be an observer than a sharer of their pursuits. Yet his voice was equal with the noblest in that council, by his rank as the brother of lord Howe, and his opinions entitled to high consideration, from the extent of his military talents.

"Gentlemen," said Sullivan, rising, "permit me to leave you to your councils, to the freedom of which, my presence, I fear, will be a bar."

"Remain, if you please, general Sullivan," said general Howe, taking his hand as he passed him; "we have an important trust in prospect for you," he added, with gravity; "our discussions need not now be kept secret, even from our enemies."

" From which," said the American, smiling, and resuming his chair, " I must infer that we are too feeble to take any measures to oppose the accomplishment of your decisions."

" It is dat very truth, mine generale Sullivane! dere is too much ob defeat total for de rebel to be wort noting more. You be altogedder vat ve say in de Fransh, *hors de combat.* Is it not so, my lor?"

" You have made it out very clearly, De Heister," said lord Howe, in reply. " Gentlemen, I beg leave to solicit your opinions in relation to the use we are to make of this victory. My brother, the general here, and myself, you are aware, have full power to compromise this unhappy misunderstanding between Great Britain and her colonies. It was to obtain this authority I was detained two months in London—unfortunately, too long; for the Congress of the States had declared their independence when, at length, I reached here. This was sincerely to be regretted, as, before this decisive step had

been taken, our differences could have been accommodated on terms mutually advantageous to both."

"Were those terms taxation with representation, my lord?" asked general Sullivan.

"Not exactly; but the conditions of pacification would no doubt have been acceptable to the belligerent parties."

"Never, my lord," replied Sullivan, firmly; "for taxation and representation cannot, on the principles of the British constitution, whose privileges we claim, be separated."

"We will wave, if you please, this point of discussion, general Sullivan," said lord Howe. "Although your Congress has assumed the attitude and dignity of a political body, I cannot treat with them in this character, and thereby virtually acknowledge their claim to be so considered. I am desirous, however, of having an interview with two or three of its prominent members, whom I shall look upon only as

private gentlemen met to consult on mutual public interests. If I can obtain the consent of some of these gentlemen to a conference, especially of Franklin, I will meet them in a private capacity wheresoever they shall appoint."

"It is our duty, gentlemen," quietly observed general Howe, "to avail ourselves of the impression the defeat of their army will make in the colonial Congress, and to open a negotiation in conformity with our power as the king's commissioners, although, as his lordship has just observed, we are not empowered to recognise them as a constitutional assembly. Can you, gentlemen, perceive reasons why this step should not be taken?"

"It meets with my cordial approbation," said Clinton.

"And my own," replied lord Percy; "but I fear your interview, gentlemen, will bring forth little fruit."

"My lord," said Sullivan, as Cornwallis, Clinton, and De Heister, severally gave this pro-

position their approval, " there is one objection, and I think an insuperable one, to this plan. Your lordship is aware that the Congress represents several free and independent governments, uniting only for mutual protection against a common danger, and cannot therefore, with more propriety than the British parliament, send a deputation of its members to confer with commissioners of a hostile country in their private characters. Could it however do so, a restoration of the connection between the colonies and Great Britain without representation is impracticable. Even your eloquence, my lord, would fail to subdue, in this case, its rebellious obstinacy," he added, bowing with a smile.

" I will nevertheless attempt to bring about a negotiation after some fashion," replied lord Howe, " and communicate with the Congress at once, while the freshness of defeat intimidates and startles it; and as general Howe has intimated to you, we offer you your parole, general

Sullivan, and beg that you will convey a verbal message from us to your Congress, and inform it, either by addressing individual members, or its assembled body, of our wishes."

"Your lordship honours me by this confidence and high trust," replied Sullivan; "I am equally desirous with yourself to have this unnatural dispute amicably and speedily terminated. I accept my parole, and will bear your message to Congress, and will exert all my influence, as a true lover of my country, towards bringing about an honourable adjustment of our unhappy differences; but I fear you must be very liberal to get Americans to wave their independence, my lord."

"Then you think, general Sullivan," asked sir Henry Clinton, "that unless we grant the colonists equal rights with native-born Englishmen, that Congress is immoveable in its determination to maintain its independence, which it has so rashly declared?"

"I do, sir; nevertheless I shall faithfully re-

present to them the wishes of his majesty's commissioners."

"Then, general Sullivan," said lord Howe, rising, and speaking with much animation, "you will be pleased to state to this Congress what you have in part already heard—that general Howe and myself three months since obtained, through the benevolence and goodness of king George the Third, full powers to compromise the dispute which has brought on hostilities between the mother country and her American colonies, and that they were such as would have been for the mutual advantage of both countries; that the difficulty and delay which unfortunately attended the obtaining of these powers detained me in England two months, and prevented my arrival here before the promulgation of its declaration of independence; nor, indeed, as you are aware, general Sullivan, was I deterred, by this open act of Congress, from exercising the powers of pacification with which I was intrusted. The result you know."

"Your lordship alludes to your circular letter dated off the coast of Massachusetts!" said Sullivan, with a slight scornful movement of his upper lip.

"Yes, sir," said, somewhat sharply, general Howe, who had observed this expression; "and if it had been obeyed, it would have restored to his majesty his rightful colonies, put a period to a disgraceful war, and saved the blood that has this day been so freely spilled."

"You are right, sir," replied Sullivan; "it is a disgraceful war, and one that will for ever tarnish the escutcheon of Great Britain."

General Howe was about to reply, but bit his lip and remained silent.

"There you have it, William," said lord Howe, laughing; "you should know it is our business to fight our foes, not talk to them, especially when fortune has made them our prisoners. Nay," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "it was the wish of his majesty that a compact should have been settled at this time, when no decisive

blow had been struck, and neither party could allege being compelled to enter into such agreement. Say to the Congress, if you please, whether individually or collectively, that, on account of the unfortunate attitude they have now assumed, our negotiations must wear somewhat of a different face; but if they are disposed to treat, many things which they have not as yet asked, may and ought to be granted to them."

"Will what they have already petitioned for be granted, my lord?" inquired the American general.

"Tell them that if, in our private conference (provided they see fit to grant one to the commissioners his majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint), we find there exists any probable appearance of effecting an accommodation, their authority as a political body may be afterward acknowledged."

"But should there be no ground of accommodation, or, at least, such as will meet your views, my lord?"

" Then," replied general Howe, sternly, " the compact will be incomplete, and there would be an end to further negotiation."

" Except, my lor and generales, py de cannon mout and de point of de swort," said De Heister, with a fierceness to which his repeated draughts of wine had not a little contributed. " Onse vader! Neuve Amsterdam is de city of de Deutsche. Tell Mynheer Congrish, we men of de Hesse will take it back at de point of de bagonet. 'Tis our own city, Neuve Amsterdam!"

" Then you are fighting for your own domain, De Heister?" said Lord Howe. " If you and your bearded Hessians take New York, as reward for your share in the conquest, you will no doubt be chosen burgomaster. By St. George! I will swear you would keep a good wine-cellar."

" Himmel!" shouted De Heister, in a rage; " does dat mean for one tamn insult, mi lor? De Heister von name from de classiker, mi lor! tree undred year ol', mi lor! I von burgomaster? Sapperment! ve vill settle dis pretty quarrel wid

de swort. General Sullivan, you vill oblige me to pe my secont," he said, turning to the American officer, and laying his hand with drunken solemnity upon his heart, while, excepting a fierce glow in his eyes, his face was as unmoved as if he had asked for a pinch of snuff.

" My dear De Heister," said Clinton, soothingly, laying his hand upon his arm, " general Sullivan is to leave camp immediately. I myself will see that you have the satisfaction of a gentleman in the morning."

" By St. George, De Heister!" observed lord Howe, with a smile, as if amused at the serious and hostile countenance of the Hessian general, " I will then give you, if your anger abate not before dawn, what shall suffice the honour of all your ancestors, from Von Brom de Heister, the first of the name, down to your own valiant self, in whom doth centre all their honour. So, general, let us take wine together in token of our friendly consideration for each other."

The Hessian smoothed his mustache, and pledged his antagonist amicably, in anticipation of the morning's hostile meeting; and as he replaced his glass upon the table, his face wore an air of inward satisfaction.

General Sullivan now took leave of the council, and was accompanied without the tent by lord Howe and general Clinton. As he mounted a horse to accompany his escort to the American lines, he said—"You don't think of giving this Hessian a meeting, even if your rank would permit it?"

"No, no! he is now on his high German horse; he'll forget it in the morning, and be as courteous as a well-bred bear."

Lord Howe again enforced his instructions. —"You will meet me, general, the fifth day from this, at the late quarters of lord Percy, on Staten Island, and inform me of the result of your interview with Congress?"

"I will do so, my lord; but I think, if Congress confers with you at all, it will do it only

by delegating a committee of its body to wait on you in an official capacity. But *nous verrons!*"

He bade them adieu as he spoke, and rode forward to join the escort.

For the answer of the American Congress we refer the reader to history, our tale following general Sullivan no farther in his mission. Clinton gazed after him a moment as he disappeared in the darkness, and said—"A noble gentleman! 'tis a pity he should defend such a cause."

"The devil's in it! Since this rebellion broke out, extraordinary men have sprung up among the rebels to meet the exigencies of the times, as if it were a second crop of warriors from the teeth of—of—deuce take it! this salt water rusts one's classics, Clinton." Thus speaking, admiral Howe re-entered the tent.

The council broke up, after a free discussion of the plan of attack upon New York. It was decided that a part of the fleet should sail round Long Island, coasting the southern shore, and entering the Sound by doubling Montauk Point,

approach New York through Hell Gate, the entrance to East River being protected by the batteries of New York, Governor's Island, and Red Hook; that on the arrival of their fleet through the Sound, instead of making a direct attack on New York, they should land at Kingsbridge, and take up a position across the island of New York, cut off all communication with the mainland, and blockading general Washington by land and water, compel him to capitulate on their own terms.

"You speak, admiral," said Cornwallis, as lord Howe detailed his plan, "as if Putnam and his army were already in our hands."

"He will be, with every man in his garrison, before ten days. He cannot escape us. I am so sanguine of our success, that I should be willing to anticipate it, and write to England that we had taken the whole army prisoners of war."

Lord and general Howe, and the earl of Cornwallis, now mounted their horses, accom-

panied by De Heister. The Hessian was formally polite to his antagonist, and equally remarkable for his blunt address to the others: for men are never so punctilious in their bearing towards each other as when they are on the eve of blowing out one another's brains.

Taking leave of Clinton and Percy at the door of the pavilion, the party rode away to their respective quarters, Cornwallis to his tent on the heights, De Heister to seek a pillow in the midst of his bearded followers, and the noble brothers, accompanied by a small party of officers, who joined them without the line of posts, to go on board the admiral's frigate, which, with the majority of the British fleet, lay at anchor nearly a league below the field of battle.

CHAP. V.

The Conspiracy.

After the clattering hoofs of the departing cavalcade had died away, the silence of the pavilion was only disturbed by the measured footfall of the sentinel, a distant challenge of a patrol, or the more distant and confused sounds of the enemy at work, strengthening their defences against the morrow's anticipated assault. Sir Henry Clinton and the earl of Percy reseated themselves by the table; the former commenced penning dispatches; the latter sat opposite to him, sometimes absently sipping from a glass of wine before him, or, placing it down and still holding it in his grasp, gazing fixedly and admiringly upon the noble features of the British

general, as his face was bent to his task, the lamp shining upon them, and relieving, by strong lights and shadows, every lineament of his marked and intellectual countenance. At length, when he had completed, folded, and had risen to melt the wax by the light above his head preparatory to sealing his letters, Percy said, with a meaning smile—" Sir Henry, I have pleasant news."

" Ha! indeed, my lord?" said Clinton, placing the wax upon the letter, and deliberately impressing the seal.

" No less than a surety of the success of our former plan, for the failure of which Carnet was strung up."

" I'll have nothing to do with it, my lord. I like not any concernment with such underhand plotting, especially now that we have come to an open and fair warfare. If you choose to persevere in your scheme, I have no objection, although I wash my hands officially or personally of the whole affair. To say truth, I don't think

it, as my lord Howe would say, all fair and above board."

"And yet you will profit by the result. But I have no delicate compunctions of this sort; all is fair in war. To be sure, it would be more chivalrous to take our enemy in the field in open fight than by stratagem."

"Such a plan as you propose is deemed right and proper by all nations; but, in my opinion, it is unworthy of Englishmen: it is on a par with the base principle that influences some barbarous nations to cut off their prisoners' right hands to prevent them from bearing arms against them."

"Well, general," replied the earl of Percy, smiling, "I am not quite so scrupulous as you profess to be. I hope, if I present you to-morrow the right hand of this rebellion, the head and front of this offence, you will receive the distinguished guest into your tent, and give him a good welcome," he added, rising and enveloping himself in his cloak.

"If the presence of this guest would terminate the war, he should be cheerfully welcomed. What guarantee have you of success?" inquired Clinton, with some interest.

"Your curiosity is awakened; but I will be charitable to your prejudices, Clinton, and not implicate your conscience by making you a confidant in so dangerous a matter. Good evening, sir."

"Good night, my lord," said Clinton, resuming his writing with undisturbed equanimity.

Lord Percy, after leaving the tent, passed the guards unchallenged. Having gained the outer circle of sentinels, he stopped near a tree within bowshot of Clinton's quarters, listened a moment, and looked anxiously around as if expecting some one; but, after making the circuit of the tree twice, without meeting any object, he stopped, and gazed thoughtfully upon the long lines of tents stretching duskily away on either side till lost in the distance. The camp had settled into a deep and noiseless repose.

" How profound this rest!" he mused. "Ten thousand men are sleeping heavily around me! The whitened ground is heaving with mailed sleepers, men who a few hours since were shouting the battle-cry, and bathing their arms in the blood of their fellow-creatures! They peacefully sleep, oblivious of the past, unanxious for the future. Thousands, who now sleep in their blood along the hill-side and skirts of yonder forest, last night laid down and slept as now sleep these, who to-morrow night, perchance, will sleep, like them, in a bed of gore."

" Mi lor!" said a voice at his side.

" Ha, Pascalet! are you there? I have waited for you. Where is major Ney?"

" Le Mazhore Neh, mi lor, est occupé in de dressin ov deux slash in de skin. Mais c'est nothin much!"

" Wounded, Pascalet?"

" Eh, un leetle. Une affaire no grande. He hav' un heart ver' brave; tres fort, wit de glorie he make contre de ennemee."

"I must, then, visit him in his tent. Lead on."

"Oui, mi lor," replied the man, turning to the right, and gliding rather than walking to the rear of the pavilion, and through a lane formed by two rows of tents. Every few rods they were intercepted by two sentinels, who crossed their arms before them, demanding not only the password, but also to see the faces of the strangers. After walking a few minutes rapidly and silently in a northern direction, they crossed a small brook rippling over its pebbly bed on its way to discharge its tributary waters into Gowan's Cove, and after answering the challenges of the sentinels stationed on either bank, they entered an open field, bordered on the east by tall trees, and surrounded on every side, except on the south, by marshes; here it was connected by a low ridge with the elevated ground they had just left behind, and on which was encamped the centre of the British army.

"Ici, mi lor, be de first detachment of de—de

—what you call no de lef?—ah, de wing right," said the guide, as they skirted a spur of the main encampment. "Ah, dere de maison," added he, after they had advanced a few paces farther, pointing to a low, dusky farm-house, nearly hidden in the dark shadows of the wood to the east, and surrounded by tents, some of which were pitched close to its threshold.

They made their way through these tents, which were placed with less regularity than those about the headquarters, as if they had been planted hastily and late; and some soldiers they saw still engaged fastening the pins of one or two, as, challenged at every turn, they threaded the intricacies. Passing a sentinel at the door of the farm-house, Pascalet spoke in a low tone to a soldier standing in the hall, who, without replying, walked to its extremity and knocked at a side door.

"Pascalet, wait my orders," said Percy, as he obeyed the summons to enter.

"Oui, mi lor," he replied, with a gleaming

smile, which seemed to be confined wholly to his black, blood-thirsty eye, mechanically, at the same time, placing his hand into his breast as if grasping a concealed weapon.

The room into which Percy was admitted was a small bedchamber in a wing of a house in which several British officers had taken up quarters for the night. A single bed, with a military cloak thrown over it for a coverlid, a semicircular table standing beneath a small looking-glass, with a white dimity cloth upon it, two flag-bottom chairs, with high oaken backs, a picture of a curly-headed little girl, in a pink frock, kneeling on the grass, holding a vessel, out of which a pet lamb was quietly drinking, an old gnarled oak forming the back-ground, a framed sampler, with the alphabet displayed in every hue of the rainbow, in every variety of size and form, an oilcloth-covered comb-case on one side of the little glass, symmetrically in keeping with a pin and needle cushion on the other, and, finally, two strips of carpeting, economically

made of patches and shreds of variously-coloured broad cloth, one lying by the bed-side, the other before the tall, half-moon toilet table, constituted, in part, the ornaments and furniture of the little chamber. On the mantel-piece was a New Testament, much schoolworn, a volume of Isaac Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and a well-thumbed copy of the Book of Martyrs. A volume of the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" innocently flanked a little glass case of French gaud, containing a tawdry waxen image of the Virgin Mary, holding in her arms an infant, arrayed in pink and roses—a prized ornament of the little bedroom, doubtless, not a deity for the worship of its former occupant. In addition to the furniture just mentioned, there was a little workstand in one corner, white muslin curtains to the humble windows, and a flower-vase containing a daisy upon the shining red hearth before a flaunting paper fireboard, all of which showed that it was the rustic boudoir of some humble maiden, whom the fortune of war had

rudely dispossessed, for a time, of her quiet home. The floor was as white as the driven snow; the walls were whitewashed, and even the rafters which stretched across the low ceiling were free from the webs of the busy spider, whose labours are but little respected by the broom of the diligent, brushing, and bustling housewife.

"Good evening, my lord," said major Ney, rising from the bed on which he had been lying in his uniform, as lord Percy entered; "you come to narrow quarters."

"Neat and homely," said his lordship, whose quick eye had taken in at a glance all the details we have taken so much space to relate. "You have been a sad and unwelcome intruder here, sir. Where's the pretty coquette who each morning reflected her rosy and sunbrowned cheeks in this mirror? No outrage has been committed, I trust, by the soldiers? This war is bitter enough, of necessity.

"None, my lord. The tenant is a loyalist.

His family are in quiet possession of the opposite wing."

"Didst not find a pretty lass curling her locks in paper at that half-moon of a table, major? Tut! but you are a father, with a tight pretty lass of your own; what cares an old widower for bright een and sunny hair? Hast heard of our spy of late, the fair Isabel?" he asked, throwing himself into one of the high-backed chairs, but immediately vacating it as if he would choose a more comfortable seat, and placing himself on the foot of the bed. "No, major, don't rise. That villain of mine, Pascalet, tells me you are hurt—but not badly, I hope."

"A slight wound in the temples, received singularly enough from a four-pounder thrown from hand by a young gallows-bird. I shall be in my saddle in a day or two."

"I am glad it is no worse. You have heard nothing from your daughter since she was spirited away to Kingsbridge?"

"Indirectly, that she is still there, and well."

"'Tis a pity Washington's sagacity should have marred our plan, which seemed to tend to so fair an issue. But we have laid a deeper train now, and I think 'twill hardly fail us."

"Have you heard from our friends in the city?" inquired major Ney.

"Not for two days, when Bellamy sent word that all was nearly ripe, and that by six this evening we should hear again, when and where to meet them with our boats; but if no tidings came from them, to believe their messenger intercepted, and endeavour to send one to them who could be sure of returning safely; further, he stated, that a single boat would find no difficulty, with proper caution, in effecting a landing near Crown Point after nightfall."

"'Tis now eight, my lord. You should have

seen Bellamy's messenger ere this. Whom did he send on the first message?"

"Impatient at their delay, and the long interval of news, I dispatched the Frenchman's valet, Pascalet, who has taken a fancy to attach himself to my person. He returned to me with their message."

"Who is this Pascalet?"

"A very villain, if nature ever made the pattern of one; a compound of craft, impish shrewdness, malice, and meanness. His eye gleams with the serpent's cunning, while he wears the look of idiocy. He would stoop to lick my shoe if I bade him; but he would rise to strike his dagger in my breast, in atonement for the servility, and in revenge for the insult. He has no human soul, but is only for the moment magnetized into humanity by contact with his fellow-creatures."

"You describe a dangerous man, my lord."

"True; but I fear him not. I do not have him much about my person; he still serves his

own master, and only myself since the desertion of my valet. His master, by the by, is his very prototype, with the same dark spirit refined and made more dangerous by education. They seem to have been in each other's society so long, that, if one was originally the greater devil, they have now become, like bodies of unequal temperature placed in juxta-position, equally diabolical. Like master like man, in very truth."

"Your lordship is aware that this is an enterprise in which intelligence as well as craft is necessary. The information of the valet I would not rely on, nor trust him too far. Suppose you send the chevalier, as he styles himself, on his parole, and promise him his liberty if he successfully fulfills the object of his mission. His politics, at least, are on our side."

"Parole?"

"Is he not now on parole, my lord, within the bounds of the camp? He is doubtless a bad man, but he holds those lofty sentiments of

military honour, in a case where his word is pledged, which so peculiarly characterizes the enthusiastic incoherent Frenchman of the day. As a soldier, he will give and keep his word; as a man, I would not trust him a tether's length."

"You may be right: he seems too like one of those men such stirring times as these create, who are ever ready to plunge into excitement and adventure, '*toujours pret*' their motto. I believe you are in the right, Ney; it strikes me he is the very man to serve our purpose; and then, if it fails, we can make him the scape-goat. Our friends ashore, in that case, will be glad to have a neck between them and a rebel gallows. Call him, Ney; we'll have him into our councils, and, by a show of confidence, bring him glibly over to our purpose."

Pascalet was summoned, and sent to a group of tents in the rear of the house; after a short absence he returned, and ushered a dark foreigner into the little room where Percy and Ney, leisurely discussing the events of the day and the pros-

pects of the morrow, were awaiting his appearance.

" Messieurs," he said, bowing low, and almost cringingly, and speaking in tolerable English, " your servant! Ah, mi lord Percy! pardon me—I am your very humble servant."

" Chevalier," said Percy, rising, and approaching the bowing foreigner with one of his blandest smiles, " you do us great honour; pray be seated. Pascalet, you need not leave the room—thrust in your whole body; we have occupation for some of your leisure hours."

" Oui, mi lor. I vill stan', mi lor, here by de door de l'appartement," he said, shutting the door hesitatingly, with the timid air of one who felt himself in the presence of a lion, and felt that he was closing the only avenue of escape; yet he could not conceal from lord Percy that all this humility was the artful guise of confidence and impudence.

Pascalet approached the presence of his superiors like a whipped dog, who is called back

to further discipline of the lash by his master's voice; among his equals or inferiors he was as ready with bark and teeth as the same cur snarling among its fellows, or tyrannizing over whelps of lower degree. He could be likened only to a snake that goes crawling among men, ready to strike its fangs into their heels. He was about thirty years of age, low in stature, with broad square shoulders, but his figure was as straight as an arrow; he was slight but muscular, and as active as a cat. He wore a coarse blue frock without a collar, small-clothes of French kerseymere, yellow hose, and paste shoe-buckles. His neck, which was encircled several times by a soiled yellow silk kerchief, was long and scraggy, and surmounted by a triangular-shaped head, covered by a mass of black hair, thick and rough like a bear's fur. His forehead was low, narrow, and projecting, but entirely concealed by his hair, which overhung the penthouse formed by his bristly eyebrows. His eyes were sunken and bloodshotten, with little restless pupils, the lus-

trous gleam of which resembled a rattlesnake's; their general expression was that of wily cunning and active suspicion. His thin face was sallow, and half hidden in enormous black whiskers, and disfigured with scars. His hands were remarkably small, yellow, and thin, with a nervous assassin-like look, and seemed to be almost as expressive of the restless character of the man as his countenance. His passions seemed to be impulsive in their nature, but deliberative in their operations; he was quick to decide, cool to act. During the conference, he stood with his hand on the latch of the door; his head sunk on his breast, but his eyes taking note of every thing that passed around him. Altogether, he was one of those men who, at the first glance, strike the beholder with revolting and painful emotions, which they can neither account for nor express.

The master of this man, the *soi-disant* chevalier, was a tall, exceedingly spare-built figure, upward of six feet high, erect and military, dressed in a long surtout of coarse French cloth, in shape

somewhat similar to the Canadian *capote*, but differing from that garment in its length by reaching nearly to the ankles of the wearer; and at the waist, instead of being girdled by a sash, a broad military belt was buckled round him. In the place of boots, so essential to the costume of an officer, he wore high-heeled shoes adorned by a pair of costly buckles; his belt was without a sword, and the chains to which it had been appended were hooked together in a loop. Under his arm he carried a richly-laced chapeau, and, judging alone from his dress, the observer might have set him down either for an officer or a civilian. His face was oval, colourless, and wholly divested of whiskers or beard; his forehead was high and bald; his brows abrupt and prominent; his eyes were of a light hazel colour, and wore an unpleasing sinister expression, and never directly encountered those of others; his nostril was thin and transparent, and expanding at every emotion, as we have seen those of a mettled courser; his under lip had a sensual

fulness, and the upper, which was finely chiselled, wore a short, malignant curl; his look was wary and alert; and while he observed every thing and studied others closely, he was, apparently, the most indifferent and unobserving. His face presented a singular combination of ferocity and mildness, frankness and suspicion, candour and craft, pride and humility, manly strength and feminine softness. Over all the exterior man there shone a lustre of courtly polish.

He entered the room bowing and smiling, took the chair offered him by lord Percy, and, at first, accommodated himself to its uncomfortable shape with habitual politeness; but, finding his attitude left him lower than the others, he rose again, and, with an apology that he had been sitting all the evening, took his station behind it, leaning upon its back.

"Chevalier," said the earl, "I have taken the liberty of sending to invite you to join our discussions."

The chevalier bowed, looked inquiringly and suspiciously from one gentleman to the other, and then said—" I am honoured, mi lord; the earl of Percie has but to speak to be obeyed."

" When our frigate captured you in an enemy's ship, you were, if I remember, bound to Quebec ?"

" Mi lord is very correct."

" You have frequently desired to be exchanged, that you might accomplish your original intention; at least I am so informed by your valet, Pascalet."

" It is true, mi lord. *Mais, mon Dieu !*" he added, quickly, " I am no subject for exchange. I am no enemy to king George, but a loyal Canadian *sujet*."

" You have not proved it, chevalier, and we must treat you as a prisoner, although we sincerely regret to do so," said the benign earl, with affability; " but I desire to propose to you a means of at once obtaining your freedom. There is a plan ripe for the abduction of a rebel

officer of high rank. The conspirators are now assembled in a certain house in New York; I wish to communicate with them. We have seen fit to extend your parole, which, like a Frenchman and a man of honour, you have so long kept sacred, on condition that, with Pascalet as your guide, you will see these gentlemen, and, as soon as possible, return and report their proceedings: this faithfully done, chevalier, your liberty is in your own hands. You hear the terms?" continued lord Percy, after a moment's pause.

The chevalier eyed the two gentlemen, and even glanced to mark the expression of Pascalet's face, like one who always looks in men's countenances for a construction that shall contradict or convey an opposite meaning to their words, as if he regarded these as riddles which crafty penetration would unravel. Discovering nothing to prevent his taking their words in their obvious meaning, he said with complacency, but carefully guarding his countenance

—"Mi lord, I accept the mission with pleasure."

"You have then your parole, chevalier. Pascalet will be your guide, for he has been to the city before. Take this seal as your authority, and bring me, by letters or verbally, the condition of affairs. Pascalet's wit will find a way of crossing the water. He hung to the rudder of one of the enemy's barges, Ney, two nights since, and was safely towed across. A wet jacket is not, however, a part of the conditions, chevalier."

Scrutinizing their features once more, as if he would find something in their faces that had not escaped their lips, he bowed courteously, received a sword, handed him by major Ney, and after some further instructions from lord Percy left the room, followed by Pascalet.

"There go a precious pair of villains, my lord."

"And they, or the greater one of them, is like to stay: farewell to that sword, Ney."

" 'Twere well gone if 'twould keep him away."

" I wonder at lord Howe's whim at keeping him so long a prisoner; but we must hear from our friends, and English blood has been shed too freely to-day to risk more of it in this enterprise: but, my lord, you go not forth to-night?"

" I have matters to talk over with Clinton, and must leave."

" Do we force the lines in the morning?"

" No; but we shall break ground in form to-morrow night."

" Thank Heaven, by that time I shall be fit for the saddle. So then, my lord, if you will not share my quarters, good night."

" Good night; and may your dreams be of the fair rustic. Pshaw! I forget thou art a paterfamilias. When this chevalier returns, send word to my tent." Thus speaking, lord Percy wrapped his cloak around him, and, with his drawn sword concealed beneath it, left the farm-

house, and without interruption gained the quarters of sir Henry Clinton.

The chevalier and his companion pursued their way silently but rapidly across the field, the latter taking the lead as guide, and after a walk of half a mile, they entered a wood bordering on a brook that emptied into Whaaleboght Bay. Descending the steep bank, by clinging to bushes, they turned short to the left, following the course of the stream before mentioned, now scrambling along it by a rough track strewn with stones, now crossing and then recrossing it when their path was shut in by approaching banks, and now leaping from rock to rock. They at length arrived at the outlet of the creek, and beheld the little bay of Whaaleboght stretching before them; the camp fires of the Americans were on their left; and, far distant, the lights of the city flung their spiral wavy lines over the water. Even to this retired spot the fight had penetrated; and several bodies of Americans, who had fled to the shore to take boats, lay dead

on the beach, where they had struggled in vain for their lives.

Not finding any boat, the two proceeded higher up the beach, until they came to a point of land where the East River was narrower than below, and from which, favoured by the tide, they could cross obliquely to the city. After looking about for some time, Pascalet found a small wherry concealed beneath a clump of willows in a narrow inlet worn in the sand by a torrent.—"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, as, in taking hold of the wherry to drag it from its concealment, he heard a heavy groan; "*c'est le diable!*" but the next instant, as if comprehending the cause of the noise, he thrust one hand through the foliage and grasped a man by the breast; with the other he drew his stiletto, brandished it in the air, and, with "*sacr-r-r-e!*" rolling from his tongue, was about to bury it in his body, when the chevalier caught his arm.

"Hold, Pascalet! you've killed rebels enough to-day: if he is the owner of the boat, we'll make

him row us across. There is time enough to kill him when we've done with him."

"For the sake of the blessed Mary," cried the man, in provincial French, at the same time struggling to free himself from the muscular grasp upon his chest, "spare my life! I am a true man—oh, *misericorde!* Mercy, mercy!"

"By the holy church, we've a bon comrade here!" said Pascalet, in French, dropping his arm and releasing his hold, "and a howling one too. Stir out of that, and let us see who thou art that hast a life worth so much yelling for! Out—crawl, or I will make thee tune thy pipes to some purpose!"

"Patient, good friend," said the man, in Canadian French; "put up that dangerous whinger, an' it please thee; it might do mischief of itself. No, no, force me not! I will come out. I am coming! Thank the saints, ye are friends and true men! Bless me, how sweet the words sound; 'tis long since I've heard such sweet words!

Prithee, friend and countryman, be not over hasty! seest thou not I'm coming?"

At length, after very manifest reluctance, he placed his feet on the ground, trembling and talking all the while in tones dolefully pitched to disarm the dangers with which he felt himself surrounded. He had no sooner shown himself, than dropping on his knees, he began to plead piteously for his life.

"Hist, thou liver-loon!" said Pascalet: "if 'twere not for thy Canadian tongue, I would whisk off thy head as I would a garlic top. Whist! or thy speech shall not longer keep thy head. Who art thou, villain? Tell me thy name and country, and why thou art here?"

"A poor peasant of Chaudiere, whom the devil has driven out to the wars—who never did harm to living soul, so save me, mercy! 'Twas to save the lives of many, who would else have been slain by me had I continued in battle, that I hid my valour aneath this boat. No, I am no ill-hearted man, friend. I would not harm a hair

o' thy head, if I were to get the strampado for not doing it; by my beard, would I not!"

"Thou art the most valiant coward, and most cowardly braggart, these ears ever listened to. Sacre! I know not if thou art the more knave or fool. But wert never christened? thy name, villain?"

"Jacques Cloots, courageous sir."

"Cloots—Jacques Cloots? and from Chaudiere, sayst thou?"

"Even so, your valiancy; and now a rebel—that is, if thou beest un; if not, I am one o' the enemy, as it suits your valour's humour."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Pascalet; "art thou that Jacques Cloots whom I have ducked for pastime in the Chaudiere; tied by the thumb to a tree in June, sticking thy nose with honey; made thee swallow tadpoles and swear them oysters; fed thee with pebbles for sugar-plums, and pounded thee at my pleasure? By the head of St. Peter, sir chevalier, I have caught a Tartar!"

During this address, Jacques, who after his

discomfiture, had chanced to find and occupy the hiding-place from which he was so unceremoniously drawn forth, groaned in agony. At each enumeration of Pascalet's exploits and his own martyrdoms, he would mutter something between an exorcism and a prayerful ejaculation: when he ended, he clasped his hands and emitted a deep groan, like one who had resigned himself to some dreadful destiny that was in waiting for him.

"Speak, clown! art thou not that veritable Jacques Cloots who with the soul of a mouse, would make thy fellows believe thou wert a lion, while thou couldst not bear to see me, in mere sport, tear a live frog's hind-legs off?"

"I—I am. Art thou Pascalet—Pascalet le Diable?"

"Pascalet le Diable? Dost wish to taste my steel? I am Pascalet Layet, peasant."

"By my beard!" cried Jacques, briskly, "I thought thou wert hung."

"There you have it," said the chevalier.

"Fiend take thy thoughts!" exclaimed Pascalet, grasping his weapon: then relinquishing the hilt, he laughingly said—"I hear it was so reported. Which side boasts your sword's exploits in this warfare? Speak; art thou a rebel?"

"No, good Pascalet, not I. I am a true man."

"We must not delay here, Pascalet," said the chevalier; "if he is thy countryman, press him for our service. He can wield an oar as well as a musket."

"A musket? I'll warrant he never put finger to one in his life," said Pascalet, as he proceeded to draw out the bolt: "hast thou e'er pulled trigger, peasant?"

"I have pointed my gun many a time at the enemy," replied Jacques, stoutly; "but somehow I couldn't have the heart, when I knew 'twas loaded with a bullet, to fire it right against men's broad breasts. I haven't loaded with bullets since I like to ha' fired and killed a red-coated soldier once. 'Tis cruel wicked to kill folks, and I thinks it be just full as wicked to

kill a good many in a heap, like to-day, as to slay one at a time; but the great uns don't think so, and they knows best." Thus speaking, he put his shoulder to the boat, and with the aid of Pascalet, floated it.

"There's philosophy for you, Pascalet. Your friend is not so green as you think," said the chevalier, stepping into the boat.

"A mere suckling! Balaam's ass speaking by dint of beating. Take that oar, peasant, and see if thou hast the wit to pull it. A greater miracle than thy presence here has not been in Rome. Thy dam should not have weaned thee till thou hast cut thy wisdom-teeth. Now dip deep: look not round if thy oar happen to knock a fish on the head, or thou wilt suddenly feel thy bones sorer than thy conscience will be at the deed."

Jacques mechanically seated himself on the thwarts, and pulled at the after-oar by Pascalet's order. Pascalet placed himself behind him and pulled the bow-oar, which he brought with vio-

lence against his back at every "feather" caught by the sweep of the inexperienced rower, like one with whom cruelty was habitual, and who was gratified at having an old victim once more in his grasp.

The headland they left was directly opposite Crown Point, now called Corlear's Hook, then half a league above the town. A few scattered houses, with pastures, gardens, and forests, were its features at that period; now it is in the centre of the city, which has grown more than a league beyond it, dense with houses, thronged with population, and its shores lined with wharfs and shipping.

The water was perfectly smooth, reflecting the minutest stars in its clear mirror, as the boat glided out from the land, and held its way to the opposite shore, with many a curse from the cruel Pascalet, and many a groan from the patient enduring Jacques, against whose back his old tormentor kept up a regular system of an-

noyance—the pastime of a spirit, that, like his own, found delight only in inflicting pain.

The river was deserted; no vessels rode at anchor in the stream, or lay by the shore; commerce had folded her wings at the approach of war, or, spreading them, had taken her flight to other seas. Their boat seemed to be the only inhabitant of the waters. At length the shores of Long Island became more indistinct, and the trees and an occasional dwelling on the side towards which they were steering out from the obscurity, till at length the dark outline of the edifices of the city could be traced against the sky. They shot close into the land where the trees overhung the water. After looking cautiously around, they landed, and securing their boat to a projecting root, covered it with branches. The chevalier now questioned Pascalet respecting the course he intended to pursue, and then bade him lead on.

Without ascending the bank, to avoid some detachments of the enemy stationed not far from

the river, they traversed the beach until they came to the place from which Arden had embarked to escort Eugenie to Kip's Bay.

Pascalet skulked along the shore with the confident pace and direct advance of one familiar with the localities. When he came in sight of the platform before mentioned, and the boats moored around it, he suddenly stopped, discovering that it was occupied by a sentinel. After delaying a moment to reconnoitre, making a gesture of caution, he crept forward on his knees, bringing a tree in a line between his course and the soldier; then carefully watching his opportunity, as the man turned in his walk he put off his shoes, bounded forward with the lightness of a cat, and sprung upon the platform. The next instant he was on the man's back, with his fingers firmly grasping his throat. The soldier, in surprise and agony, dropped his musket into the water, and after a brief struggle, fell to the platform; but the noise of his fall was skilfully broken by the cool and cautious

assassin, who drew his knife as he fell and buried it in his heart: he then pitched the body over into the water. This was all done in a moment of time.

"That was a needless blow, Pascalet," coolly said the chevalier, who now came up; "'twould have been enough to take his arms."

"Ay, and so let him loose to set a party of dragoons upon our heels. What's one man's blood, more or less, in the count of to-day's sport!"

"Hast thee, in verity, slain the soldier I but now saw walking so bravely here?" inquired Jacques, trembling, and breathing with difficulty from terror.

"In verity have I," answered Pascalet, wiping his blade upon the skirt of his frock; "and I will send thee to keep him company, unless thou keep thy tongue and curiosity to thyself. Am I to account to thee for every fool's blood I chance to spill? Follow, and

if thou art wise, shut thy jaws and use thy feet!"

Pascalet again took the lead and passed up the lane along which the carriage had driven with Arden and Eugenie; and turning to the left into the road leading to the city, the party proceeded at a swift pace towards the place of meeting chosen by the conspirators.

CHAP. VI.

The Mirror.

In a quarter of the town to which the reader already has been introduced, and at the outlet of the steep street opening into the square which the disguised Eugenie crossed to gain the mansion of general Washington, stood, at the period of our tale, an ancient brick dwelling, with sunken foundations, and a steep tiled roof projecting far over the side-walk. It looked on the square, and had the air of having been, in earlier days, a mansion of the better sort, although now displaying broken sashes, shattered hinges and shutters, and dilapidated steps lead-

ing to the only door in front, which seemed to be nailed up and never used.

The side bordering on the steep lane which, with a short descent and a longer ascent, led to Broadway, was a plain dead wall, tarnished and crumbled with time, perforated in the midst by one small square window, set with four glass panes of the kind called " bull's eyes," admitting light, but impervious to vision. At the termination of this wall of the house, and about thirty feet down the alley, was a low narrow door cut in the angle, apparently done after the house was built, and sunken beneath the pavement several inches. The door was strong, of thick oak, and had once been painted red.

About nine o'clock on the evening of the battle of Brooklyn, and just before we took leave of the chevalier and his party on their way to their rendezvous, a man in a military chapeau, and wrapped in an ample Spanish cloak, rather worn for disguise than for comfort, suddenly

turned from the square into this lane. Glancing hastily up, and seeing a faint light shining through the little window of the house we have just described, he quickened his pace down the steep side-walk, and, approaching the little wicket, knocked deliberately four times, and, after a brief pause, repeated two additional strokes in quick succession. In a few moments a shuffling footstep was heard within, a light glimmered through the keyhole and shone over the top of the door, which was on a level with the applicant's eyes, and a croaking voice asked his business at that hour of the night.

"Unbar, father Gerret! Dost not know, old skinflint, how much IV. and II. make?"

The noise of a falling bar was followed by that of the clattering of a key, applied with trembling hands to the lock, and the creaking of the bolt; the door slowly turned on its hinges, and an old man appeared with a haggard face, sharp features, and sunken eyes, in whose countenance fear and suspicion were mingled. He

bore a piece of tallow candle, placed in a gourd, in his hands, which also grasped a bunch of keys, securely attached to his skinny wrist by a leather thong: he appeared about fifty years of age, to which care and imaginary want had added full ten more: his garments were composed of elements widely differing from each other in texture and hue; his breeches represented every variety of bombasin that ever was given away from shops in the shape of patterns; and his broad-flapped coat, which buttoned so closely to his chin as to leave his property in under tegumen[illegible]s a matter of doubt, as if determined not to be outdone by the nether garment, vied, in the variety of its shape, in the texture and colour of its component parts, with the party-coloured display of the small-clothes; the coat, being the more honourable garment, was, however, a patchwork of broad-cloth, with an economical intermixture of kerseymere: his shoes plainly were never made for his feet, but doubtless the fruit of some forage in the suburbs; one was too large, and the other

as much too small, having to be worn down at the heel, which protruded some two inches behind: his stockings were a labyrinth of darn, defying analysis for the detection of their original hue: his head was covered with a coarse brown wig; it was worn awry, and long had been oblivious of powder. Altogether, in wig and breeches, stockings and shoes, *miser* was written as plainly upon the external man of Joseph Gerret, or dom. Joseph Gerret, as he was called, from the circumstance of his having taught Latin in his earlier days, as if each article of apparel stood forth in an individual letter to form the word: his face wore an anxious air, and his glassy grey eyes were at all times restless.

"Enter, enter quick, that I may shut the door," he said, in a querulous voice; "this opening o' doors o' nights is awful. I shall be robbed—murdered in my bed! For tenpence more than you give me for the use of my lum-

ber-room, will I not have thee here another night."

"Peace, old man, and light me up," said the stranger, sternly. "Are they all here?"

"God be praised, they are. Heaven ha' mercy! I shall yet be robbed among ye!"

The old man led the way through a passage so narrow as not to admit two to walk abreast; at the extremity was a winding, dilapidated stairway. This they ascended with some difficulty from the obstruction of empty boxes, bags of feathers, and broken furniture, which Joseph seemed to have placed there to break the necks of robbers who might venture to ascend to his stronghold. The stranger moved on, however, in silence, while Joseph muttered to himself—"Must let um out soon! But how do I know what I may let out with um? They haven't got hold of my keys; they're safe, thank the good angels! I was at my chest not five minutes gone; that's safe. Pecunia, sacra pecunia! Mind that hole in the floor, sir! Don't strike

your head and knock down that basket; it holds my mushrooms for ketchup: I glean um in the fields; twelvepence a bottle! That's not the door, sir—Oh Lord, sir, no! nobody opens that door, not I even!" cried the old man, in the extremity of alarm, as, on gaining the head of the stairs, and entering a large square room, with several doors opening into it, the stranger advanced to open one of them.—"This, this door; this is your room; not that door; no, no! I haven't been in that room for a year. This is the door: don't you see the lights through the chinks? Two lights, sir; think of that; two lights when one will do! money wasted—gone to air!"

The stranger opened the door, and entering, closed it after him, while dom. Joseph, with a grin of exultation, muttered—"He don't suspect—he don't suspect! Oh, merciful Father, if he had opened that door!" His voice sunk at the thought, and shuffling to the interdicted door,

he a[illegible] with agitated fingers, one of the keys hanging to his wrist to the lock; then looking round to see if he was observed, he glided into the room, closed the door after him, barred and locked it. Drawing a wretched cott from one side of the apartment, he exposed a large square oaken chest, the front edge of its lid and a large space about the keyhole having a smooth, oily look, as if much handled. Crouching down before it, he applied a key, which was as bright as silver from constant use, to the well-worn wards, and with an eager hand turned the bolt. It moved easily and noiselessly, as if it had never known that rest which rust invades. He raised the cover, and his eyes glistened as they rested on its bottom, paved with small piles of gold and silver.—"Bless the mercies!" he said, scarcely above his breath, "'tis here—three, four, five, seven—yes, twelve piles of Spanish gold!" then passing his attenuated finger nicely over the level surface of upright rouleaus, and feeling no cavity, he continued—"All is here! none gone!

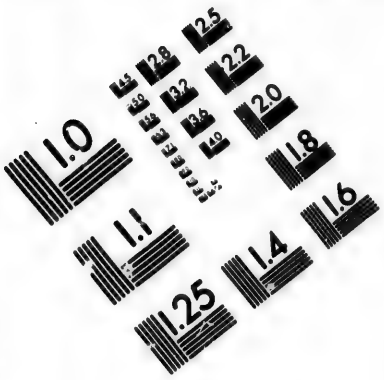
—no false keys yet. Kind Heaven keep me from them! Wretched man that I am, if I should be robbed! Heaven save us!—what was that? a stitch breaking in my coat? 'Twill cost thread and wax to mend it—Lord, every thing goes to wreck and ruin!—It is so expensive to live, and then it costs so much to bury one when dead; so much for digging the grave; so much for shroud and candles; so much for hearse and sexton; so much for coffin! Lord, Lord, dreadful! I could not stand it! I'll—I'll have it in my will to be sunk in the North River. Coffin and shroud? Never! I could not rest in my grave with such a load of extravagance on my conscience. Let me see; I'll count over my money, and see how much 'twill all come to with the sevenpence-ha'penny I put to it to-day that I got for the pocket handkerchief one of these gentlemen left in the lumber-room last night. I will then clip; 'tis three months since I have clipped, and times are getting harder. I'll begin with the gold. One, two, three guineas; four—that

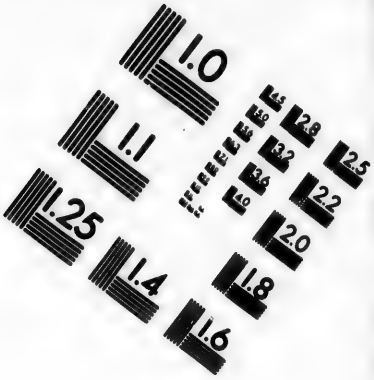
is something light; five—that's heavier; six," balancing it on his finger, "good—'twill bear to lose full two grains and a half; seven—even weight, 'twill lose half a grain."

In this manner, with his whole soul absorbed in his occupation, his eyes twinkling with pleasure at a weightier coin than ordinary, and changing their gleeful to a sad expression on balancing a lighter one on his finger, he pursued his eager task. The room fronted on the square, but its two windows were not only closely barred, but nailed, the light entering by day through two circular holes three inches in diameter cut in the top of the shutters. These apertures, which a cat could not pass through, were also secured by strong wires woven across them. The walls had once been hung with paper, but they were now nearly divested of it; a strip here and there, too firmly adhering to the plaster to yield to age, bedimmed with smoke and grease, showed the original blue rose, of cabbage dimensions, which had constituted its pattern.

Besides the cott, which was scantily supplied with miserable bedding, a chair without a back, and with a leathern bottom, the polish of which indicated it to be the usual seat of the inmate of the room, there were ranged along the mantel-piece a cracked teapot, an earthen cup and saucer, a wooden bowl, with the remnant of tea in it still, and a pewter spoon, a pipe, which seemed never used, and a pair of horn spectacles, with one glass wanting. On the hearth was a broken washbowl, where also stood a gridiron, with its ribs jammed together, as if screwed up with the rheumatism, a spider with one leg, like a warworn veteran, and an iron pot in good preservation. A three-cornered hat, foxy and greasy, and a staff which had belonged to some man of fashion, divested of its gold head, a piece of smooth horn supplying its place, stood in the corner as if for ready use.

In a remote corner of the room stood a jeweller's work-bench; upon it were a pair of thin copper scales, and half a dozen instruments of





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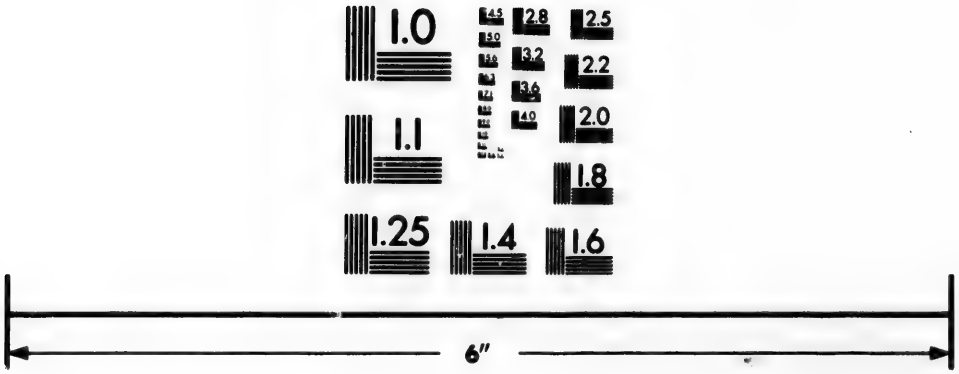

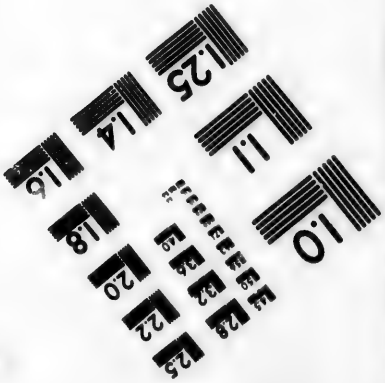

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the trade, which had the appearance of being frequently used. By the wall were piled a score of old and half-worn boots, shoes, and slippers, of all sizes, not only of men and boys, but of females, mingled with old spurs, bits, knives, straps of leather, stirrups, chapeaus, and sword-belts; and stowed in a box near by were a score of coats, waistcoats, breeches, cloaks, and linen, as heterogeneous an assemblage as if a boarding-house had been drained of all the refuse and pledges of defunct boarders, and dom. Joseph had fallen heir to them: these, doubtless, were his stock in trade, the mint and mine of his fortune. At the head of his cot was suspended a huge old blunderbuss, charged to the muzzle, the formidable defender of the miser's premises.

He at length completed his nightly orisons before the gold and silver idols of his worship; and, taking a pile of dollars and a lesser one of sovereigns, which he had gradually accumulated beside him, as he threw down coin after coin that would bear the loss of a ninth part of a grain

without the loss being detected, he said—"Twenty-one sovereigns and a half; seventy-three dollars and three quarters. Very well! These have come in to me this three months past," he added, rising, carefully locking his chest, and replacing his cott over it. Going to the little work-bench, he seated himself, and, placing the money before him, he continued—"Twenty-one sovereigns! Very well. This chap looks as if he would bleed a little. Pay a small tax, hey? A sovereign is no rebel—he! he! he! That is facetious—he! he!"

If one could imagine Maelzel's automaton trumpeter to break into a giggle at his own music, then he might have some conception of the automaton-like merriment of dom. Joseph Gerret, at his own facetiousness. It was a laugh, or an inward chuckle, in which no part of the outward man shared except his tongue; the muscles of his face were innocent of any participation therein.—"A brave coin this! 'twill bear full three grains," he said, balancing it

on his finger; "three, at the very least—no less."

Then taking up a pair of clippers, he placed the sovereign in a vice, and began to nibble with his clippers a little off the elevated rim; to clip, with a different tool, a period from the inscription; to cut a tail from a capital G, and points from the raised part of the figure, the clippings and dust falling, as he worked, into a buckskin tray, accurately fitted to the pillar of the vice. After every half-dozen clips he placed the coin in the copper scales, and carefully weighed it, and then proceeded in his work.

As the skilful physician, from time to time, coolly tries the pulse of a victim of the Inquisition, to see how much more he is capable of enduring, so did domine Joseph Gerr[illegible] apply his little square punctured grain and [illegible]enny-weights, to test the constitution of the victims which, in the course of things, chanced to pass through his hands. In process of time, half the currency of the York colony, probably, paid

" tithes of mint" to this " snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

Suddenly a knocking at the outer door disturbed him in the midst of his employment, the clipped and unclipped, or, as he used facetiously as well as professionally to term them, the whipped and unwhipped lads, being pretty equally divided; his lower jaw dropped, his eyes rolled at the ominous sounds; tremblingly he gathered up his coin in one hand, and taking his deerskin tray in the other, he hastened to his chest, and placed the money in with careful haste. Then springing a lid on one side of the interior, he drew forth a bladder nearly filled with silver dust; into this, with the tip of his bony finger, he brushed his silver clippings; taking also a second bladder, of smaller dimensions, and to appearance equally heavy, he carefully added to it the golden fruits of his night's industry.

Hurriedly closing and locking the chest, he seized his candle, now low in the socket, and

unbarring his door, went out, turning the key carefully behind him; and as the knock was repeated a third time, still louder, he prepared to descend the steps; when a door on the opposite side opened, and the man who had last entered came forth with a naked sword, and demanded the cause of the noise.

"God in heaven knows—not I!" said Joseph; "is't the IV. and II.?"

"Dotard! 'tis none of our party—they knock again. Go and demand their business—I will follow you."

The miser tremblingly obeyed.—"Who is it?—who's there at this time? No honest folks would be hammering at a lone house at this hour," cried the terrified domine.

"*Sacré!*" said the voice of Pascalet; "I am *le diable!* Open *votre porte*—I say o-pen!"

"Mercy! 'tis robbers and murderers! Oh, oh!"

"Hush, old man! 'tis he I wish. Is it Pascalet?" he inquired, in French.

"*Oui, monsieur,*" was the reply, in a more respectful tone—"I conduct one messenger to you from my lor."

"'Tis well! Open, Joseph; unlock, unlock I say, or I must do your duty for you!"

The old man obeyed, and Pascalet stood before them.

"In, in, and close the door—in: I know thee now," said dom. Joseph, hurriedly.

Pascalet however stood in the threshold, and said to the stranger—"The messenger is here, and bears a token."

As he spoke, the chevalier, who stood in the street where the form of Jacques, to the increased terror of the miser was also visible, advanced, and presenting the ring, was instantly admitted, while the door was closed on Pascalet and Jacques, the lock turning upon them with an emphasis, that seemed to express in a marked degree the pleasurable sensations of Joseph at leaving them on the outside.

CHAP. VII.

The Patient.

EUGENIE had been received by Mrs. Washington, after the death of the unfortunate Caroline, with benevolent sympathy. She took her to her arms rather like a recovered daughter than a stranger, whose strongest claims to her kindness were only her gentle beauty and misfortunes. In return, she made her the confidant of her young heart's affections, and expressed her determination to forget one who had proved so unworthy of her. The ensuing morning, which was the day preceding the disastrous battle we have briefly sketched, she took leave of Arden, who by the indulgence of Mrs. Wash-

ington, was allowed to see her for this purpose, and whose noble character she had taken opportunity to paint to Eugenie in attractive colours. With her affections so rudely torn from the heart, around which they had so fondly entwined themselves for many months, Eugenie yearned for sympathy. The heart of Mrs. Washington was indeed a refuge; but the kind tones of Arden, his softened looks and devoted manner, struck a deeper chord in her bosom than any female sympathy could awaken; and it was with much tenderness and sorrow that she parted, perhaps for ever, from one who had already awakened an interest in her heart, when, after lingering long with her hand clasped in his, he suddenly pressed it with a hurried farewell, and left the apartment, Eugenie hastened to her room, and gave way to a shower of tears.

During the day she became calmer, and able to reflect upon her false lover's conduct with suitable resentment; while turning from time to time from the unpleasing picture, she loved to

dwell upon the noble person, respectful tenderness, and tried virtues of Arden. As she compared them, her admiration of the latter increased with her contempt for the former; till at length, when she had whispered to herself—"Does Arden love me?" and her heart had answered in the affirmative, she had nearly banished the image of the unworthy Burton from her mind, if not torn it from her heart; and Arden, if she had not placed his own there instead, became at least the theme of her thoughts, the sole subject of her hopes, fears, and anxieties.

It may appear like temerity in the romancer to permit his heroine to substitute one lover for another in so brief a space. It seems, indeed, pretty generally admitted, that heroes and heroines can love but once. Nevertheless, there have been exceptions; and as we have nature for our model in this instance, we must be guided by the facts with which she has furnished us. It would, no doubt, have been very fine for Eugenie to have stabbed herself with her

dagger, like a true heroine of romance, when she became convinced of her lover's perjury; and it would, doubtless, have been a very pretty *denouement*. But, considerate reader, there existed one or two obstacles to this. The first and foremost was, that we are drawing Eugenie from life, and the truth is, she did not come to the tragic end aforesaid. The second, and perhaps equally forcible is, that we should give you only half the quantity of matter, whereas we are bound to our publishers to produce three respectable volumes, of neither more nor less than three hundred pages each. Having promised so much, our tale will proceed, we trust, without further interruption or digression.

That night, before Eugenie sought her pillow, the name of Arden was mingled with her prayers. When, towards the dawn, the roar of cannon roused her, with a thousand others, from sleep, she sprung to a casement which overlooked the intervening roofs. Distant flashes,

which for an instant, like heat lightning, illuminated the gloom to the south-east, followed, after the lapse of a few seconds, by the dull sound of cannon, assured her the battle had already begun; and then she felt how deep an interest she took in the fate of Arden. Kneeling at the open window, and shuddering at every report, she clasped her hands and gazed upward in silent but eloquent prayer, forgetting in the energy of the time, the Roman auxiliaries to her worship, her crucifix and rosary, and looking directly to the Source of life for aid in her lover's extremity. But she prayed not alone for Arden. Without breathing his name, after a moment's trembling hesitation, she sought mercy for *him* who, from time to time, like the returning recollection of an unpleasant dream, intruded upon her thoughts, and made to bleed afresh the heart he had wounded.

Although her early affections were crushed, they were not wholly destroyed. Eugenie's affections, notwithstanding their growing inter-

est in Arden, would still, perhaps, have turned into their former channel, if Burton could at once have been proved innocent of all of which she knew him to be guilty. In that case, she would have thrown herself upon his bosom with the undiminished strength of her first love.

Her lips moved as she prayed, but they could not articulate his name.—"Oh, have mercy on *him*, and shield him from the storm of battle! Let him not die in his guilt! oh, protect, protect him!"

The entrance of Mrs. Washington at this moment alarmed her, and blushing, she hid her face in her bosom.—"Be not ashamed, my dear Eugenie!" she said, affectionately; "the prayers of youth and innocence will aid our cause. I feel for you. We have both deep interest in this battle. Heaven protect our country, and let not the breasts of her sons be in vain exposed to the fury of war! Come with me, dear child. You shrink at every flash and report, as if the

cannon were aimed at your own breast! Alas, they may reach both our hearts through those that are dear to us! But I am a sad comforter. Come with me to my room; 'tis remoter from the sound, and your nerves will not be tried so sorely."

Eugenie accompanied her maternal friend in silence. With the alarmed household they were for hours listening and trembling at every report, and flying at the slightest sound heard in the street, to learn tidings from the field. The day dawned, and with it came louder and more confused the sounds of battle; and hour after hour, occasionally relieved by reports from the field, was passed in anxiety and increasing terror. Towards noon the report came that the Americans had been defeated with great slaughter, and the remnant of the army driven within their intrenchments at Brooklyn; but there came no tidings of the killed and wounded of rank. At length an officer, with an arm in a sling, advancing from the river, was seen by a party of la-

dies, who, having husbands, brothers, or lovers, on the field, had flown to the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief for tidings, and were now standing in the door of the mansion. Some of them hastened to meet him, and others uttered exclamations of mingled hope and fear, without the power to move. Mrs. Washington awaited the approach of the messenger with a colourless cheek, but with firmness.

General Washington, early in the morning, finding that the enemy had concentrated all his forces on Long Island, and evinced no immediate intention of landing at New York, as the battle grew warm, had left his post in the city, and crossed the river to the field. It was with no little anxiety, therefore, however she might conceal her emotion, that she watched the approach of one who was about to remove or confirm her worst apprehensions. Eugenie, unable to encounter the moment that should also confirm her worst fears, fled into the library, and,

throwing herself into a chair, buried her face in her hands. In a few moments Mrs. Washington entered, and approaching her, said—" Eugenie, my love, the general is well; but, alas! the battle has been disastrous. We must not despair, however, but endeavour to bear nobly up under these reverses."

" Madam, my dear madam," said Eugenie, grasping her hand, and suddenly addressing her with energy, " if you have aught to say, speak out. I see there is sympathy for me mingled with your regret for the fortune of your country's arms; tell me, is he——"

" Slightly wounded, my dear Eugenie. Nay, do not turn pale! He rode into camp afterward unsupported. You shall be his nurse, and I dare prophesy he will yet thank his wound."

Eugenie received these tidings with a suppressed cry, and then, clasping her hands, looked heavenward with a grateful countenance. Her mind, by long anxiety prepared for the worst, was able to bear the tidings of a lesser danger

with greater equanimity than she would have shown if she had looked only on the sunny side of the picture. The concluding words of Mrs. Washington brought the colour, long a stranger to them, to her cheeks; and blushingly returning the kiss placed upon her forehead by her affectionate friend, she suppressed tears of mingled joy and sorrow, which came unbidden to her eyes, and with some degree of calmness, asked—"Where is he now?"

"On his way in a boat, with some other officers, crossing the East River. You will assist me, Eugenie, to prepare the room for the invalid's reception, and you must be his nurse: I am told nuns are the best nurses in the world. I think he will soon recover under your tender hands, Eugenie."

Eugenie blushed and smiled, but made no reply.

"See," she continued, "that you do not inflict a deeper wound than the English swords! Forgive me, Eugenie; this is no time for raillery;

but you must keep up your flow of spirits. Arden will need all your sympathy. The general, who is unhurt, has sent word that he is to send two or three other officers here also; so, with nursing and other duties, Eugenie, we shall have little time to think of our own griefs."

About an hour after this conversation, Arden awoke from a sleep into which he had fallen in the boat after his wound was dressed, and, to his surprise, found himself in a neat chamber, the windows, tables, bed, and furniture of which were furnished with delicate chintz and snowy muslin, and all wearing that air of comfort and repose peculiarly grateful to the feelings of an invalid. The room had been partially darkened, but the rays of the setting sun pierced the interstices of the blinds, and diffused throughout the chamber a subdued but cheerful light. A second glance around assured him that he was in his own apartment, but suddenly converted from a bachelor's dormitory to a comfortable sick room. Every thing had such an air of quiet,

that he was about to yield his senses to the pleasing influence, and sink once more to sleep, when, through a half-closed door at the foot of the bed opening into the hall, he spied the tip of one of the prettiest feet in the world, protruding just far enough to intercept the range of his vision. His heart bounded with the force of a trip-hammer, and it would seem that the owner of the tiny foot had heard it, for it instantly disappeared; it was, however, the next moment substituted by a fair hand laid negligently upon the balusters, the fingers holding an open book, as if the reader was occupied in thinking. The appearance of the hand gave additional velocity to the throbbing heart of the lover; and at the risk of destroying the vision, he was about to speak, when a deep sigh from the hall was echoed involuntarily from his own heart, and the sounds which were trembling on his lip escaped with it, in the tremulous scarcely-audible word "Eugenie!"

The hand disappeared. Now aware of his im-

prudence, he closed his eyes and feigned sleep, as Eugenie herself, with a hesitating step and crimson cheek, appeared at the door, and first looking in, as if to be satisfied that he was asleep, softly approached the bedside, and gazed on him for a moment with sympathy and tenderness. A smile gradually mantled the lip of the conscious lover; and slowly opening his eyes, he fixed them, beaming with love, gratitude, and admiration, upon the face of the surprised maiden. Her temples were suffused with a deep blush of pleased embarrassment; and half retreating, half lingering, she placed her finger on her lip to impress silence upon him, saying, with an arch smile—"Hush, colonel Arden; the doctor has left express orders that you do not speak."

"Eugenie!"

"Not a word."

"Kind Eugenie!"

"Not——"

"Cruel Eugenie!"

"Then I shall send the doctor to you."

"Oh no, not for the world! Stay here, and I am dumb."

"On that condition I will remain," she replied, playfully. The next moment, with a face of anxiety, she asked—"Is your wound better, Arden? are you in any pain?"

"Here, very great!" he replied, laying his hand upon his heart, with a look of mingled seriousness and gaiety.

"I will, then, call Mrs. Washington," said she, warningly, and with an arch smile; "she bade me call her if my patient woke up in pain."

"No—oh no! by no means!" he said, attempting to take her hand; but Eugenie perversely flew out of the room, and soon returned with her benevolent friend.

The swoon into which Arden had fallen after his wounds were dressed, continued, as we have shown, until after he was conveyed to his chamber. His wound, however, was not deep, al-

though attended with great loss of blood. When he awoke from the sleep into which he had passed, he felt free from pain, and in good spirits, which were not in any way diminished by the presence of his nurse; yet he was still very weak. He nevertheless, after a spirited and playful altercation with his kind nurses, in which he was supported by general Washington, who then entered the room, having just arrived from Brooklyn, where he had remained to secure the safety of the army, was at length permitted to remove into the drawing-room, and substitute a sofa for his bed.

About eight o'clock the same evening he was lying by the open window, towards which the sofa had been wheeled at his request, that he might, half shrouded by the drapery, enjoy the pleasant summer breeze. The night was clear, and the air soft and grateful to the senses of the fevered invalid. The surgeon had just left, assuring him of speedy recovery, with care and attention, saying, as he took his leave, glancing

at Eugenie, who entered with a cooling drink—"You are in good hands; but beware of bright eyes—bright eyes! they are worse than bullets, colonel, worse than bullets! Bah! all tongue and eye, tongue and eye! these women are a walking battery—do immense execution, colonel; mischief, great mischief! kill and cure—kill and cure! Better in a day or two; take care of yourself; good by, good by!" And so the man of instruments and lint bustled from the room.

Eugenie, taking a seat by him in the window, relieved a slave of the gorgeous feather fan which, for the last hour, she had been waving to and fro over the head of the invalid, and involuntarily assumed her duties.

We have said that the softened intercourse of young watchers in a sick room insensibly leads to love: but when a youth and a maiden are thrown into each other's presence, the one an invalid, the other a nurse, an interchange of hearts must inevitably be the result. The soft hand laid upon the temple, gentle fingers steal-

ing among the hair about the forehead, the soft voice attuned to pity, which is akin to love, the tender assiduity, the dependant state, the thousand open doors for kindness and affectionate words, all are feathers to love's shaft, each one contributing to direct more fatally the barbed arrow. The hour passed by Eugenie near the couch of Arden did the work of years of ordinary intercourse towards the progress of their loves. The slave had fallen to sleep on the carpet, the house was silent, and, save an occasional horseman passing across the square, or riding up to the door and leaving a note with the sentinel, ordering him, in brief tones, to give it to general Washington, all was still. Insensibly their hands had stolen into each other's, and they had abandoned their hearts to the full tide of feeling with which they were filled. They had neither asked nor pledged their love. Instinctively they understood the state of one another's affections, and were happy in a love which, al-

though it needed no words to express its existence, was perhaps the more genuine.

It is seldom that love, which operates like an instinct in young hearts, seeks assurance of its mutual presence from language. Innumerable marriages are formed, the candidates for which have never known, otherwise than by intuition, that their affections were reciprocal, by whom the word love has neither been sought for nor spoken. The eye, and not the tongue, is herein the medium of expression.

The eyes of Eugenie and Arden casually met, as her hand was putting aside the hair from his pale temples, which her fan had blown over them; and by that mysterious communication, whose power is acknowledged, but the operations of which are incomprehensible, their souls mingled, united, and became one.

Silently he drew her to his heart, as she bent over him, and touching his lips to her forehead, sealed there their unspoken loves.

Eugenie rose blushingly, and looking from the

window to hide her confusion, her attention was attracted by a confused noise of voices at the extremity of the square; the next moment a party of men, dimly seen through the darkness, advanced, with the heavy measured tramp of soldiers. As they continued to approach, she could discern that they were a party of soldiers.

Arden raised himself upon his elbow to look out, and then said, faintly, as if the effort had been beyond his strength, sinking back on his pillow—" Merely the relief guard; but a somewhat noisy one, it would appear."

As they came closer to the head-quarters, their voices gradually ceased; and when they halted before the gate, only one voice could be heard, lifted alternately in the tones of complaint and threat.

" Injure me not, men, I am your fellow-soldier! Oh, I'm no spy. Don't hang me—don't —oh, oh! By my beard! I'll tell the great general. Help! oh, help! I am a true Canadian.' Then, in Canadian French, he continu-

ed—" A habitan of Chaudiere, and a true man; and, by my beard, I'll fight him that denies it! Oh, good, brave, valiant warriors! draw not the cord so tight. I tell you, I'm a true man!"

" Arden, what can they mean to do with the poor fellow?" asked Eugenie, as she heard his exclamations; but when the patois of her native land fell on her ears, an interest in his fate was at once awakened in her breast, and suddenly addressing Arden, she said, with warmth—" Oh, colonel Arden, let him not be injured! He is from my own country! He can be no spy. Do permit me, before the guard is relieved, to see him, and ask him a few questions. 'Tis so grateful to hear, even from a poor peasant like this, one's native language. You can then ascertain if he is really a spy, and prevent injustice from being done him, should he be innocent, by these rude men, into whose hands he has fallen, with their passions too so exasperated by the evil fortunes of the day."

While she was speaking, they advanced to re-

lieve the guard at the door, when Arden spoke. —" Serjeant, bring that man in, and let me question him."

The soldier obeyed; and the next moment came into the drawing-room, conducting, securely guarded between two soldiers, that unfortunate warrior, Jacques Cloots.

Arden glanced at his face, and, studying its expression a while, said with a smile—" Serjeant, you may take off your guard, but leave a soldier at the door. I will answer for the appearance of your formidable prisoner."

The soldiers, save one who kept guard without the hall, departed, and rejoining their comrades in the square, the whole party, with a heavy tramp, disappeared around the corner of the street.

CHAP VIII.

The Robber.

THE simplest and most direct style of narrative is doubtless the most pleasing; it is legitimately however only adapted to those romances in which the hero is never lost sight of, and when therefore there is no necessity of returning to bring forward incidents that have been delayed to advance other portions of the story. As this novel is not dependant for its interest solely upon one train of events following another in regular order of progression, but upon several parts which go to make up one whole, we are occasionally under the necessity of deviating from the directness of narrative, to return and

take up the threads which we have but temporarily dropped, but which are necessary for the farther progress and completeness of our woof of fiction. We therefore return to Pascalet and Jacques, and explain the cause of the appearance of the latter as a prisoner. When the creaking lock was turned on them by the eager and delighted fingers of domine Joseph Gerret, as he admitted the chevalier into his dwelling, they stood for a few moments together without speaking. At length Pascalet, leaning carelessly against the wall, began to question Jacques of his native valley, and of his adventures.

"Now, mort de ma vie!" he suddenly exclaimed in French, after Jacques had given an account of his career as a soldier, "if thou dost not deserve to die for being a rebel, and then swearing by thy foul beard that thou wert a true man!"

"Have patience, most worthy friend and countryman, Pascalet. I made not oath that I

was no rebel; but look ye, only that I be a true man, like thyself."

"Ciel! if thou hadst sworn thou wert a true goose, thou wouldst have hit it. But hark ye, sir rebel, thy life shall be spared, and thou mayst yet go home, and spend thy old age in tending ducks and chickens; but thou shalt earn thy carcass."

"That will I, by my beard! if it be to march into a cannon's mouth at the point o' baggonet."

"Out upon thee, boaster! Thou durst not look into a pitcher's mouth, lest thou shouldst pitch in and drown thyself. Hark ye," he added, coming close and whispering in his ear, "thou hast helped me rob birds' nests and unearth foxes ere now?"

"Yes, birds' nests, but, by my beard! only birds' nests, good Pascalet."

"True, mort de ma vie! true; a foxcub would have scared the life out o' thee. Say, thou hast helped me rob?"

"Thou didst pound me to do't, valiant Pas-

calet, or I wouldn't ha' done't," said Jacques, in a deprecating tone.

"Wouldst thou not?" he cried, fiercely. "Thou shalt now rob with me, or thou'lt not get off with a pounding. Wilt do't?"

"Mort dum ma vee, will I!" said Jacques, with desperate courage; "mort dum ma vee! 'Tis a brave oath, by my beard! braver than Luc Giles could swear by."

"Luc Giles? *Sacre!* I had forgotten my old comrade Luc. Where is he, peasant?"

"Dead, by this hand!" answered Jacques, stoutly.

"Dead by thy hand?" he said, fiercely grasping the breast of the trembling Basadocio.

"No, good Pascalet, I slew him not. He fell in battle; but not by my hand."

"Fool that I am, I might have known it," he said, thrusting him from him. Then going up to him, and suddenly taking him by the ear, he said, "Didst mark that old man just now?"

"Ay, did I, worthy Pascalet."

"And the keys at his wrist?"

"The keys I marked not, valiant Pascalet."

"No matter. Those keys will unlock a mint of gold. The old man's a miser, and he has heaps of the coin, Jacques. I am inclined to transfer a portion of his wealth into my pocket. Thou shalt aid me. Hear'st thou?"

"I hear, your valiancy: but," added Jacques, hesitatingly, as Pascalet set his ear at liberty, "thou wilt not harm the poor man?"

"What is that to thee? Do as I bid thee. Stand thou here by the door, and if any one approaches, clap thy hands twice to give me warning; I shall hear thee. When I come back, take what I give thee, and follow me without a word. Dost hear?"

"Verily do I, brave countryman! But how art thou first to enter? 'Tis locked as tight as old porter Nicholas ever locked bolt at St. Claude; and methinks I did hear something like a bar."

"Dost think I have seen the world to no purpose?" said Pascalet, taking from beneath his belt a steel instrument of curious construction, with many grooves and slides. "I saw the shape of the door-key," he continued, taking from his pocket a bag of loose wards, from which, after several trials, he selected a set and fitted them firmly to the key. "Now see how I'll get in! There is no bar. I heard him remove it, but am sure he did not replace it, unless 'twas done softer than a fly could tread."

He then applied the key to the door; it entered the lock; but after several attempts to turn it, he drew it out with an oath, and fitted a second ward. Again applying it, the bolt yielded with a creaking sound as he slowly turned the key, and to the surprise of Jacques, the door swung open. Pascalet then, after holding his finger up warningly to Jacques, and ordering him to guard the door and secure his retreat, glided in. With the stealthy pace of a cat he moved along the passage, feeling his way by the

walls until he came to the foot of the stairs. On his former mission he had been admitted even into the room of the conspirators, and was familiar, therefore, with the details of the passage: with this advantage, he was enabled to mount the stairs with celerity and without noise. The light from the room in which the conspirators were assembled, found its way through many a gap between the upright boards of the partition and beneath the door; a faint glimmer was also emitted from the keyhole of the door in which domine Joseph was industriously at work clipping the superfluous metal from the currency.

Pascalet paused a moment to ascertain accurately his position in relation to the different rooms; and then stealing softly to the miser's door, he placed his eye to the keyhole, but could see only the naked fireplace, although he could hear the nibbling sound made by the miser, who was at work at his bench, and occasionally the faint ring of the precious metal. Grasping the hilt of his dagger, while his eye gleamed with a

murderous light, he drew it half way out of his bosom, to bring it more readily within reach of his hand; then measuring the size of the keyhole with his eye, he searched in his bag, muttering—"Ciel! I didn't see his key, and must guess at the ward: but *n'importe*. Trust to thy namesake, Le Diable, as thou hast often done before, Pascalet! By the holy twelve, it works," he added, within his teeth, when, on inserting the well-oiled ward, the bolt gave way, without noise, to the steady pressure. The door partially opened as the bolt left its bed, and through the crevice Pascalet saw the old man at his bench intently occupied in his labour, with his piles of gold and silver glittering before him. He looked down and clenched his dagger; then, glancing again at the miser, seemed to hesitate whether he should become both assassin and robber. The helpless appearance of his victim seemed to plead even to him for lenity. Replacing his stiletto, which he had taken from his bosom, he drew up his sleeves, and opened and contracted his fingers,

as a leopard does its claws when about to spring upon its prey; then applying his foot lightly against the door, it flew wide open; in two bounds, that gave back no sound as his unshod feet touched the floor, he was at the old man's side, with his fingers clasped around his throat.

His eyes started from their sockets; his lips vainly essayed to articulate; a sovereign, which he had just taken up, fell to the floor; the clippers dropped from his hand; pain and terror were horribly depicted on his withered visage. For an instant Pascalet held him thus; then, gradually relaxing his grasp before life should escape, he held him by the throat with one hand, while, suspending his knife over him with the other, he threatened him with instant death if he moved or spoke. Joseph clasped his hands, and silently pleaded for mercy. Pascalet knew not the meaning of the word. Leading him, exhausted by terror and suffering, to his cott, he caused him to lie down upon his face. "I'll

bury my dagger in thy withered carcass," he whispered, in his Franco-English—but, for the sake of energy, we give the purer English—in his ear, " if thou stir hand or foot. Tell me where thou hast hidden thy gold, or thou diest."

" Gold? Oh, I'm not worth a ha'pence in the world!"

" Thou liest! and speak above thy breath again, and thou shalt taste my knife! 'Twas of my mercy thou didst not feel its edge e'en now, instead of the gripe of my fingers. Whose gold is this, if not thine?"

" Oh, the colony's, the colony's, sent to me to be weighed," he cried, rolling his eyes in despair towards the pile.

" The colony's? Then I'll be debtor to the State the full sum, and not burden my conscience by robbing a poor wretch," he said, advancing to the bench heaped with coins. " Ha, mort de vie!" he exclaimed, as he detected the tray of clippings; " is this the way thou servest the State's money? I'll drag thee before the gover-

nor, and have thee hung higher than ever Haman was."

"Mercy, good youth," said Joseph, his eye brightening; "'tis not the State's! I meant it in jest; and, since thou sayst it will go against thy conscience to rob a poor wretch, 'tis mine own."

"*Ciel!* thou art, then, no poor wretch, if thou ownest all this gold; so my conscience will be clear on this score."

"But 'twill make me a poor wretch, if thou rob me!"

"Then, when thou art made a poor wretch, I will not rob thee. So conscience hath it both ways."

Domine Joseph groaned in bitterness of spirit. Pascalet, unheeding him, proceeded, still keeping an eye on his victim, who seemed to be paralyzed, as if under the gaze of a basilisk, to convey the dollars and sovereigns to his pocket, without being nice in selecting the clipped from

the unclipped.—"Now, old Nicodemus," he said, "I'll leave thee thy clippings for thy pains. But thou hast more than this coin, I'll warrant me."

"As true as there's a heaven above, and a judgment-day to come, I have not another penny! I am impoverished, and must beg my bread about the streets. Oh, mercy, good youth, mercy! Do not rob an old wretch; think on thy conscience!"

"Have I not argued that point with thee? So hush, and give me the keys," he added, approaching the cott, where the old man had lain trembling and groaning, with his eyes directed towards the robber, as sovereign after sovereign disappeared in the capacious repositories in the habiliments of Pascalet. "Untie that thong, or my knife shall do it for thee."

"'Tis but the key to the outer door. Oh, mercy! oh!"

Pascalet pressed his hand roughly upon his mouth, and with his dagger cut the string. Hav-

ing possession of the keys, he began to examine the room. After making an unsuccessful search, he suddenly advanced upon the miser, and said, with terrible emphasis, placing his mouth close to his ear—" Tell me where lies thy money, or thou diest!" and the point of the dagger pressed painfully against the skin of his victim.

Domine Joseph, as if terrified into compliance, pointed to the chimney, crying, in the accents of despair—" There! there!"

Pascalet seized the light to explore it, and the old man's face lighted up with something like a smile at the temporary delay he had gained. He closely searched the fireplace, turning up every loose brick, and even looking up the chimney, but in vain.—" Old man," he said, advancing to him fiercely, " thou hast deceived me!" He raised his arm to strike the dagger into his back, when Joseph, in the extremity of unfeigned alarm, cried out—" Mercy, mercy! I'll tell thee!"

" Where?"

" Be—beneath my—my cott."

Pascalet bent down, and seeing the box, his eyes sparkled with pleasure. Finding that it was secured to a bolt, he made the old man, lest he should assail him while at work, lie on his face upon the floor. Domine Joseph stretched himself upon the boards as if he were lying down to die, trembling and tortured with the prospect of losing his wealth, yet his eyes anxiously and with curiosity watching every movement of the robber as he displaced the cott, kneeled, fitted the key to the lock, and raised the lid. Then did the heart of Joseph Gerret grow faint within him; but as he heard the silver ring in the sacrilegious hands of Pascalet, who surveyed his treasure with delight and wonder, he cast his eyes desperately upon the blunderbuss which hung at the head of his bed. He then glanced upon the well-knit frame of Pascalet and his glittering dagger, and, shutting his eyes despairingly, groaned aloud.

Pascalet, after surveying for a moment the glittering heaps he had discovered, proceeded to

transfer them to his own person: he filled his pockets, and then, stripping from his neck his yellow handkerchief, commenced filling it with Spanish dollars. He at length became so absorbed in this delightful occupation, that he forgot domine Joseph, his own situation, and, indeed, everything but the piles of money before him. Not so domine Joseph: as his alarm subsided, his alertness and presence of mind increased, and he began to meditate, even at the risk of his own life, defending his property: he therefore saw, with no little pleasure, that the attention of the robber was wholly fixed upon his treasure, and that, in the eagerness of transferring it, he had not only forgotten to watch him, but had laid down his dagger by his side: he desperately resolved to gain possession of the weapon; therefore, to ascertain what prospect he had of succeeding, he made a slight noise with his shoe upon the floor: the robber did not notice it; he then moved his whole person, but Pascalet only heard the sound of his gold

and silver: a third and somewhat noisier movement attracted no attention; and the old man, imboldened by these successes, muttered something like a prayer, and his face became rigid with desperate determination, as he drew himself along the floor towards the bed, which stood between him and the robber. Inch by inch he worked himself along under the cott until he came within reach of the dagger; he stretched forth his arm, and seized it in his long bony fingers with the resolute grasp which the terrible urgency of the occasion gave him, and then, with equal coolness, drew himself back from beneath the cott until he could stand upright: he now grasped the dagger more firmly, rose to his feet, and, leaning over the bed, raised it in the air.

"Mort de vie," said Pascalet to himself; "I shall ride in my gilded coach!"

The next instant the dagger was buried to the hilt in his back. He fell as he was transferring the last gold coin to his handkerchief, glared wildly at the old man, clinching his fingers as if

he would grasp him, and then, with a curse trembling on his lips, he died.

Jacques, to whom we now return, after remaining a few minutes at the door, deeply pondered on the events in which he had been involved, and his reflections took the following philosophical cast.

" I begin to think I'm a great ass, as I have often been told that I am. Why can't I get the knack of this roaring and blustering, this swearing and loud talking, this cutting of throats and killing with bullets, like some of my comrades, and, more especially, this Pascalet le Diable? I am ever at the beck and nod of some one. Here was Luc Giles; his parts didn't lie in his tongue, for, by my beard! and by mort de ma vie! as sweareth this Pascalet, I have sworn as stoutly as Luc, betimes, and yet I could never make woman, cat, or chicken, heed me. Then here's this little jackanapes, Zacharie; he blusters, and has a way o' speaking quick and short, and

makes one mind him whether he will or no; and yet he's the lesser by fifty pounds, and ought to obey me; but, somehow, I can't get the knack o' making people mind; they are always sure to turn upon me, and make me do their own bidding. When it comes in my throat to speak valiantly, quick, short, and sharp, there it sticks, and I can't make a single word be forthcoming for the life o' me. When I got clear o' this Zacharie, who should come but this Pascalet le Diable, to kick me about as he did when I was a boy. Do this, he says, and do that, says he, and I can never do enough for his bidding. Now here he's gone into this honest man's house to rob, and perhaps to murder, and bids me wait. Now is the time to take myself off; but then I fear his dirk if he catch me: but then I fear his dirk if I stay; and if he rob and murder, and make me carry his spoil, I shall have my neck stretched for certain. I may yet as it is. From what I can learn, there's a great conspiracy hatching here 'gainst the government.

I'd best inform, and go place myself under proper protection; but then, if I'm ever caught, I should fear to get into the hands of that black-looking master of Pascalet, though he did save my life; but that was to row the boat. Oh, mercy! if I only knew what to do! If I go I shall be killed; if I stay I shall be killed. Blessed Marie and St. Claude, deliver me from evil!"

At this moment a party of soldiers coming up the street, relieved him from further care about himself by taking him under their charge. Inspired by one of the incipient fits of valour which from time to time possessed him, he at first manfully struggled, but at last was bound; and we regret to record, roughly treated for this display of valour.

"Whether I fight or don't fight, 'tis all the same," he sighed; "I'm always the football." Then, overhearing some of the soldiers talk freely of hemp for spies, fear of his life gave him eloquence to plead for it, and in the full

exercise of this laudable act he was brought, as we have in a former chapter seen, to the quarters of Washington, and subsequently into the presence of Eugenie.

CHAP. IX.

The Conspirators.

When, at the request of Arden, the soldiers had left the room, not, however, without taking precaution to guard against the escape of their prisoner, Jacques gazed around the elegant apartment with mingled wonder and surprise, twirling his bonnet between his fingers, now looking at the ceiling, now at the carpeted floor, and then again curiously staring at those in whose presence he stood.

"Well, my good fellow," said Arden, "if your curiosity is quite satisfied, and you think you would recognise the room and our faces when you meet with either again, oblige me by giving an account of yourself. You look not very formidable. How is it that they made such a noise of their capture? You appear very harmless and simple."

"As simple a body, your valiancy," replied Jacques, looking at Eugenie and giving her an oblique bow, "as ever burned powder."

"I will safely answer for it. But how came you in the hands of the guard? It might have gone hard if this lady had not pleaded for you. Canst tell a straight story?"

"That can I, your valiancy's worship; and sorry am I to see your valour wounded! These wars are bloodthirsty things."

"You speak truly," said Eugenie, in the Canadian tongue; "tell me if you be indeed a Canadian of Chaudiere, as I heard you say but now?"

When Jacques heard the accents of his native tongue he turned about with a sudden start of delight, while a broad grin overspread his features. After she had ceased, he continued to stare, as if struck dumb with pleasurable emotions.

" Speak," she said, laughing, " if you have not lost your tongue: 'twas loud enough ten minutes since."

" May the Blessed Virgin bless your valian ——No, your ladyship, and your ladyship's sweet lips! By my beard! be'st thou from my country?"

" Tell me your country, and I can tell thee better."

Here Jacques proceeded, with considerable elevation of spirits, to relate his adventures, commencing from the time of his becoming guide to the monk, the allusion to whom at once awakened an interest in his narrative in Eugenie's bosom. She therefore listened with attention till he related the outlines of his campaign,

his escape in that day's battle, and his impressment in the service of Pascalet, and their visit to the rendezvous of the conspirators.

When he began to speak of a probable attempt against the State, Eugenie became more attentive. Jacques spoke in his Canadian patois, which was not altogether intelligible to Arden, who had insensibly closed his eyes, and fallen into a reverie between sleeping and waking.

She now questioned him closely, in relation to his late companions and their probable object; but she could only elicit further, that there was something dropped by Pascalet about general Washington.

This intelligence alarmed her; and she believed her benefactor, if not one far more dear to her, to be in danger from this secret meeting. She therefore determined, urged by the native strength and energy of her character, which at times changed her from the tender confiding

girl, to the self-possessed and heroic woman, to try to save him from their machinations.

Ascertaining minutely from him the position of the rendezvous, she ordered Jacques to remain, and if Arden awoke, to say that she would soon return. Enveloping her person in Arden's cloak, and taking one of his pistols, she placed his foraging-cap upon her head, and warning Jacques to keep secrecy, she left the room. Bidding the guard placed over Jacques, as she passed him in the hall, to follow her, he mechanically complied, as if obeying the order of a superior officer. She passed the sentinel with a firm step, crossed the square, and turning the corner, discovered the little window, with its faint glimmering light, which Jacques had learned from Pascalet was the conspirators' room, and had described to her; then observing the position of the door, she was satisfied of its identity with his description.—"Soldier," she said, stopping at the door, and disguising her

voice, " remain here! On the least alarm, hasten to me."

With a bold heart she determined to enter, and see if she could learn or overhear any thing to confirm her apprehensions. Strengthened in her purpose by her hopes and fears, she softly opened the door. With a trembling but onward step, she carefully felt her way along the wall till her foot touched the lower step of the flight of stairs. She carefully ascended, and gaining the loft, or entry above, was directed by the light streaming from the ill-arranged partition of the room in which the conspirators were assembled. Domine Joseph's door was closed by the cott which Pascalet had drawn against it in getting at the chest; but her observations from the street showed her, that the room opposite the miser's contained the little window.

Gliding, with a step light as the fawn's upon the grass, past the door of the miser's room (within which she could distinctly hear the faint voice of domine Joseph, and the ringing of sil-

ver in the hands of Pascalet, at which she closer wrapped her cloak about her form, and grasped her pistol with a firmer hold), she crossed the room and stood before the door of the chamber. Cautiously she bent her ear to listen to deliberations which she believed threatened the peace of the government, if not the safety of an individual who was its right arm in the field, and to whom she herself was bound by every tie of gratitude. She heard voices within as of men in earnest conversation, but could neither distinctly hear nor see. Apprehensive of being discovered before she could convince herself of the truth of her suspicions, she softly moved along to the extremity of the partition, where a ray of light streamed through a crevice, and to her surprise and delight obtained, by placing her eye close to the aperture, which extended from the ceiling to the floor, a full view of the interior of the room.

Gaining confidence as she found that she could remain unobserved by those within, who

were closely engaged in debate, she took a survey of the apartment. The floor was composed of rough plank, the walls of exposed rafters and boards, and the ceiling was brown with age, festooned with cobwebs, and garnished with bundles of herbs, dried mushrooms, and strings of onions. The windows, of which there were two fronting on the square, were closely secured; and the little four-paned aperture to the right, the light of which was visible without, was covered with a network of wire. The apartment was destitute of furniture, save a rough pine table, and two benches equally rude, placed on each side of it, crossed at one extremity by a piece of board that served as a seat.

These details were rapidly embraced, and the eyes of Eugenie now rested upon the inmates of the apartment with anxious alarm. On the transverse board which formed the seat at the end of the table, and directly opposite to her, sat a stout, dark-looking man, with a broad brow, firm mouth, and stern countenance; his

hair was highly powdered, brushed back from his forehead, and gathered in a queue behind. He was busily writing by the light of two meager tallow candles, placed in tarnished tin stands before him, the only lights in the gloomy apartment. Two gentlemen, one in the ordinary costume of a wealthy citizen, the other in the undress uniform of the British army, sat on his right in low conversation. Opposite to these sat the chevalier, playing with Percy's signet-ring, and with his face turned towards the individual who was writing, although his eyes constantly travelled from face to face with suspicious glances. Beside the chevalier, and nearly hiding his person from the observation of Eugenie, was seated an elderly man with a ferocious countenance, deeply marked by lines of passion, but with the manners of a man of rank and one used to good society, dressed in blue broadcloth, and wearing a long queue tied with a broad black riband. Eugenie remembered to have seen him that day in the square before the

head-quarters in conversation with general Washington. He seemed now attentively listening to the conversation of the two opposite. All of them, except the gentleman at the head of the table, wore their hats and cloaks; all carried side arms, and several pistols lay upon the table. Eugenie gazed upon the scene with intense interest, her most extravagant suspicions confirmed by this aspect of the meeting.

"Colonel," said the elderly gentleman, waving his hand impatiently to one of the gentlemen opposite, in reference to something said by him, "I beg your pardon, sir, but Washington himself told me, not four hours since, that he should be at head-quarters at half past ten to-night, and would there receive any communications from his friends, in relation," added the speaker, with a sinister smile, "to the affairs of government. It is better that we visit him as the deputation from the citizens, in relation to the preservation of property in the threatened capture. I have prepared him for this, and he will

receive us as such; then our purpose will be easily effected."

The individual addressed was a slender, gentlemanly man, about forty years of age, with a clear hazel eye and high forehead, made still higher by the prevalent fashion of wearing the hair brushed back from the temples; his dress was scrupulously neat and rich; his forefinger displayed a brilliant of great size and beauty; and the belt of his sword, protruding from his cloak, glittered with costly settings. Altogether, he was a military beau Brummel.

"Your plan, my dear major," he said, in a slow, lengthened, affected tone, as if he felt that he was dignifying language by condescending to adopt it in expressing his ideas, "has certain objections, although, no doubt, it is concocted with the admirable penetration for which you are so remarkable. As I was but even now observing to my friend and present neighbour, Mr. Walheim, when you honoured us with your observations, it is my opinion we had best make

a sally upon our expected captive as he passes through the area or square from the river side unto his head-quarters. He is never attended, except by an orderly. One of his aid-de-camps is wounded, and the other, that modern Adonis, Burton, has left him, I learn, in consequence of some misunderstanding."

"Since the exposure and defeat of our last plan, colonel," replied the old gentleman, tartly, "he has always been attended by several officers or a few soldiers. He never goes out alone, sir."

"A pretty brush with some of these rebels in the street were a pleasant adventure. We shall have the more honour in taking our game at bay. I like not this surrounding a man's house like a bailiff, and entering it like a thief. By the sword of Hercules! 'tis not cavalierly, nor to be thought of by gentlemen."

"We plain citizens," replied the gentleman who sat beside him, with some asperity, "had rather sell swords and pistols than use them,

colonel. It is now ten o'clock, and quite too late to follow your suggestion if we could. We must act at once and unanimously, or our plan, which has been postponed now to the fourth night, will be abortive. To-night or never! The only plan is to seize him in his house. There are but two guards stationed at the door, and two or three wounded officers lodged there. As a deputation come to consult on civil affairs, two of our number will be admitted; the remaining two, with the four British soldiers concealed in the adjoining garden, can master the guard, and secure to us free egress with our prisoner. The governor is, I believe, with me?" he concluded, casting his eyes, with a look between assurance and inquiry, on the gentleman at the head of the table, who at that moment laid aside his pen, and looked around as if he was about to ask the nature of their conversation.

"In what, Mr. Walheim?" he asked, drawing up with an assumption of dignity and with

a formal look; "in what is the governor with Mr. Walheim, pray?"

"In seizing general Washington in his own house at half past ten to-night."

"Certainly, Mr. Walheim, certainly, gentlemen. I supposed this to be perfectly understood. Major Breadbelt and you are, I think, to gain an interview with general Washington; you, colonel, and myself, are at the same time to disarm the guard, and conduct our captive to the boat, which for four nights we have kept in waiting. Instead of rowing with him to Staten Island, as we at first intended, we shall cross to Brooklyn, in Waallaboght Bay, where Percy, so says this Canadian gentleman, will be in waiting with a suitable guard. If you are guided by me, sirs, our plan cannot miscarry like the last; it was disunion alone that defeated that. Unanimity, gentlemen, is the soul of all great enterprises; and what greater than the one in view, which is to crush this rebellion in its bud?"

" Who, your excellency," drawled the colonel, " is to notify the earl of Percy of the proper time and place for his co-operation? We learn from this Gallic gentleman that he received not our messenger."

" For that reason, as you must have learned already from him, colonel Howard," replied the governor, " Percy has sent him to us to learn our proceedings. Thanks to my vigilance, all is now ripe. I have written to my lord Percy. This French or Canadian gentleman will take leave of us in the square; and while we proceed to the execution of our great enterprise, he will take boat to Long Island, and bear my letter to Percy. I will read it to you, gentlemen, and see if, as I doubt not, it meets with your cordial approval." Here the governor rose up, and after clearing his throat, began, in a declamatory but slow and pompous tone, to read what he had written :—

"We FOUR to you TWO greeting. These, by the bearer of the signet ring, will inform you that we will place in your possession the American lion, which we are now sure of capturing, at two o'clock this night, it being now ten, or thereabout. Your l—dship, with major N. will meet us at that hour on the shore in Waallaboght Bay, where the stream debouches into the aforesaid bay; you will know the spot by a large umbrageous tree overhanging the point of junction. Expecting soon to have the honour of meeting my friends again in my old gubernatorial mansion, I am your l—d—p's humble servant,

Signed T.
Also signed T. W. B. H."

"This is sufficiently plain, and at the same time cautious enough, I opine, gentlemen," he said, in a tone of exultation. "'Tis almost '*veni*,

vidi, vici!' eh, gentlemen? I will beg your indulgence while I prepare one or two more in a similar style, to be forwarded express to our friends and coadjutors in Albany, so soon as we have secured our prize; by that time we will be ready to proceed on our enterprise. I see you are examining your arms, Mr. Breadhelt," said the gentleman, resuming his seat and pen. " I trust we shall not have need for more than their silent eloquence. We must not use them."

" But if he resist?" asked the chevalier, quietly.

" Not even then," said the governor, in a decided tone.

" Let me join you, messieurs," said the chevalier.

" Humph! Chevalier, I will detain you while I write and seal another note to sir Henry Clinton, which I beg you will request lord Percy to forward directly on your arrival. When you are set at liberty, monsieur, I shall be very happy to have you present at my first

gubernatorial levee. Our possession of Washington's person will soon reinstate us all in our usurped rights; eh, gentlemen?"

"Your excellency is very obliging. I shall be forced to proceed to-morrow to Quebec, whither I am called, by circumstances communicated to me by letter while I was in France, materially affecting my patrimony."

His manner was gracious as he spoke; but his eyes grew dark and scowling, as if from the thoughts associated with what he had uttered.

The governor was about to reply, when a slight noise near the partition drew an exclamation from the chevalier, whose ready hand grasped a pistol that lay before him.—"Messieurs, we are observed," he said, half rising.

"'Tis the old domine stumbling in the dark," said the governor, arresting his hand; "he watches us as if we were plotting robbery."

The chevalier laid down the pistol. The other conspirators, who had not been moved by a noise easily referrible to the movements of the occu-

pant of the house, impatient of their stay, continued to converse to while away the time till the moment of action arrived, while the governor became again busy over his writing.

Eugenie, with extraordinary self-possession, listened, and impressed upon her memory the conversation she overheard, although trembling at each new development of the plans of the conspiracy. Every line of the governor's letter she engraved on her mind, and mentally ran over the characters forming the signature, which she suspected was the initials of the names of the conspirators, and treasured these up in her memory with a fixedness and facility which were the natural result of the extraordinary circumstances in which she was placed, awakening all the energy of her character, and calling into exercise faculties that she knew not, until the moment of trial, that she possessed. She was about to retrace her steps, and had gathered her cloak about her for the purpose, when, as he heard her move, the voice of the chevalier, whose person had been

wholly screened from her sight by the interposition of the elderly gentleman by his side, arrested her steps as if she had suddenly been converted into a statue; and trembling, she knew not why, she leaned against the partition for support. Alarmed for her safety, she at once recovered herself, wondering at her strange sensations at the mere sound of a voice; it was, however, a key to painful emotions, which she could neither trace to their source nor account for. After vainly endeavouring to connect the voice with some link in memory's chain, she lightly crossed the floor to the stairs. At this moment, a heavy fall, and a low glad cry, as if of exultation, from the miser's room, startled her, and quickening her pace, she soon gained the street-door. With a lighter heart she rejoined the soldier, and bade him remain, and follow the first person who should come forth from the house, and, if possible, singly, or with assistance, arrest and convey him prisoner to Washington's head-quarters."

"You came out o' the general's house, and you

speak like an officer, but a some'at young un," said the soldier, respectfully, but as if he should like to know who commanded him; "if I only knowed your authority, or who gives orders——"

"Silence, sir, and obey!" interrupted Eugenie, firmly; and, leaving him, she hastened across the square, and in a few moments stood in the presence of Washington.

He was seated in the library in full uniform, which was marked with the traces of recent severe duty in the field, his arm leaning upon a table covered with despatches, messages from Congress, maps of fortifications, gazettes, and piles of open letters. His military hat lay beside him, and an open letter was in his hand, which supported his head, as he sat in an attitude of deep and, as it seemed, of painful thought. At the abrupt entrance of Eugenie, disguised in hat and cloak, he looked up; but with that dignity which never deserted him, and without giving any signs of being taken by surprise, he permitted the intruder to approach close to the

table and communicate his purpose. She saw by his looks that he did not recognise her. Recollecting her disguise, she threw aside her cap and mantle, showing him her face covered with the most beautiful confusion.

"What, Eugenie!" said the chief, sternly, "more masquerading?"

"Forgive me, my noble benefactor," she said, at once recovering her self-possession; "I know you will do so when you know all." Then, with remarkable precision and directness, she detailed to him what she had discovered.

"Brave, heroic girl," said Washington, with a smile that repaid her for all her dangers, "you know not how you have served my country. Half past ten did you say?" he asked, with coolness and with an air of decision, as if conscious of successfully defeating the machinations of his enemies.

Eugenie made no reply. He turned towards her, and discovered that she had nearly fainted.

" Her noble spirit," he said, tenderly and with sympathy, " has been wrought up to this crisis, and now the strained chords are broken. Eugenie, my noble Eugenie, try and recover your energies."

She burst into tears, but instantly brushed them away.

" 'Tis but a momentary weakness. I'm better now," she said, smiling, and gratefully returning, with her eyes, his sympathy; " but my heart was so full of joy that I was enabled to tell you all. Oh, lose not a moment, sir. Would it not be best to try and seize the messenger with the letter if it be not yet too late?"

" It will, my heroine," he said, smiling and taking up his sword and cap; " you are a true soldier's daughter. I shall give the deputation a different reception from what the hypocritical Walheim and our tory ex-governor anticipate. Return, Eugenie, to Mrs. Washington's room, or," he added, playfully, " to your patient in the drawing-room; but not a word of this conspiracy.

You and I must share all the honours of defeating it."

Eugenie left the room, while general Washington hastily wrote a line on a slip of paper.

" Sentinel," he said, going into the hall, " take this to the quarters of your captain at the barracks in Beekman-street. Make no delay." After the soldier had hastily departed with the order, Washington threw on a cloak, and, taking his sword under his arm, crossed the square and approached the soldier left by Eugenie at the corner of the street.

" Has your man come forth, soldier ?" he inquired.

The bearing of his general could not be mistaken by the man; and, although his face was purposely hidden in the folds of his mantle, he replied, paying the military salute at the same time—" He has not, general," adding to himself, " now I see I am under orders." At this instant a man appeared at the door, who, after saying, " adieu, monsieur governeur!" to one

who bore a light, but was not visible to those without, sallied forth.

"Pascalet, Pascalet!" he called, as the door closed upon him, and rapidly advancing up the street.

"Ha, Pascalet! you are here?" he said, softly, as he reached the corner. "Mon Dieu, no!" he exclaimed, starting back and laying his hand upon his sword, as he discovered the figures of two strangers. The powerful arm of Washington was at the same instant upon his arm, and the bayonet of the soldier against his breast.

"Surrender, sir!" said his captor, in a deep stern voice; "I hold you my prisoner."

Unable to offer any resistance to an assault so unexpected and so well enforced, he changed his manner, and said politely—"There is some mistake, monsieur!"

He however gave up his sword, and was conducted by Washington to his quarters and into his library. After closing the door and

placing a guard over him, he demanded his papers.

The chevalier drew forth his pocketbook and presented it, saying—" It contains only the title-deeds to my estate."

The general hastily ran over its contents, and was about to throw it down, when his eye was arrested by a superscription. Eagerly taking out the paper, he opened it, and glanced hastily and eagerly over it; then fixing his eyes sternly for a moment upon the chevalier, whose own sunk beneath their steady gaze, he with a smile of gratification replaced it in the pocketbook, and locked the whole in a drawer of his secretary.

" They are the titles of my property, monsieur," said the chevalier, with earnestness.

" We will examine into your titles by and by. Deliver me now, if you please, the letter you bear to lord Percy from governor Tyron."

" *Sacre !* how knew you that secret ?"

"I know your whole conspiracy. The letter, sir."

The chevalier, with a shrug, took from his breast the packet, and gave it to him in silence. The general tore open the envelope, and while he was reading the full confirmation of Eugenie's statement, the prisoner, after gazing at him for a moment, turned to his guard, and said in a whisper—"Who is this gentleman?"

"Who but general Washington!" bluntly answered the soldier.

"Ma foi! c'est le diable!" he ejaculated, lifting his eyebrows in surprise and curiosity, and drawing the corners of his mouth down in despair.

"I am sorry, sir," replied Washington, folding the letter, and placing it on the table before him, "to place you under arrest as a conspirator against the state."

While he spoke, the sentinel, accompanied by an officer, entered the room.

" Captain Carter, you are in time. Are your men at the gate?"

" They are, general," said the captain, a tall young man, with a frank and resolute countenance, the manners of a student, and the eye of a soldier.

" Your ready compliance with my orders shall be remembered. Take six of your men and let them lie upon their arms within the yard. I have certain information that, in ten minutes from hence, my sentinels will be assaulted, and an attempt made to disarm them by four resolute men; I depend upon you to defeat their object: permit them to secure the guard, who has his instructions, and then surprise and take them prisoners: do it, if possible, without bloodshed. If, in the meanwhile, two persons desire admittance, allow them to pass in unmolested, and without suspecting your presence. There is a plan to take me prisoner in my own house, but I have had timely news of it: send the remaining six men into my library." These orders were given with coolness and decision.

The young captain bowed, and, with a sparkling eye, left the room to execute his orders.

In a few seconds a file of soldiers marched into the library, followed by Jacques, whom Washington ordered to be set at liberty. They were placed against the wall, behind the open door, with fixed bayonets, and, by the arrangement of the lights, were thrown into deep shadow: the chevalier, with his guard, also stood aloof in the dark part of the room.

Washington, with the letter to lord Percy open in his hand, seated himself by the table in the full light of the lamp, and composedly awaited the entrance of the conspirators. In a few moments footsteps were heard without, and the sentinel at the door repeated, in a tone of more than usual confidence—" Pass."

A low knock at the door was answered by the clear calm voice of Washington—" Come in."

The door opened, and the two conspirators entered, and advanced towards him. He rose from his chair, surveyed them with his usual

dignified composure as they approached, and said—"You are welcome, gentlemen: I have been for some time expecting this honour."

"And we, George Washington," said Breadhelt, in a loud, stern tone, levelling a pistol at his breast, "have been long anticipating this triumph: your guards are already disarmed, and you are our prisoner."

"We will leave that for these gentlemen to decide," said general Washington, with a smile of triumph, as he turned aside the sliding shade from the lamp and pointed behind them.

They turned and gazed upon each other in despair. At a look from Washington the captain of the file advanced and received their arms, which they resigned in silence.

"I congratulate your excellency upon being the favourite of the fickle goddess," said the colonel, as he tendered his sword. Then looking at his friend, who stood folding his arms gloomily on his breast, he continued—"We must bear this with philosophy, my dear Bread-

helt. Bah! there stands our friend the chevalier. By the foot of Hercules!" he said, as a struggle was heard without, "let us not be discomfited; we are likely to have company, which will proportionably lessen our misery."

As he spoke a soldier entered, and said—"They are secured, your excellency."

"Bid captain Carter conduct the two leaders in, and closely guard the soldiers."

"Ha, Walheim," said the colonel, "you are welcome; misery loveth good company. You see we are circumvented, and quite *hors de combat.*"

"Where is the governor?" demanded Washington, quickly, of the captain.

"One escaped, sir, but I have sent two soldiers after him: I think they will yet take him."

"Deceive not thyself, worthy youth," said Howard; "the fugitive hath legs, and knoweth the use of them. He hath learned it in this rebel war."

"There hath been treason," said Walheim,

as he entered, guarded, and saw the situation of his friends; "it never could have been discovered without some vile treachery."

Breadhelt scowled, and Howard deliberately said—"Citizen Walheim, I have no sword, or I would chastise thee for thy tongue's impertinence."

"Gentlemen," said Washington, sternly, "there has been sufficient treason manifested by you all, of which there is sufficient proof in the act in which you have been taken. I presume you know something of this, colonel Howard?" he asked, displaying the open letter taken from the chevalier. "Here are four initials, which, I think, may fit names known to you."

Howard looked down, and seemed to be admiring the mounting of his empty scabbard.

"'Tis no proof, sir!" Walheim said quickly; "no names; nothing in a court of justice. A jury could do nothing with it; no overt act, sir."

"Sir," said Arden, who had entered the

room, and seated himself by the table during this scene, " your confidants were taken with their pistols levelled at the breast of general Washington."

The citizen stared, and growing pale, clinched his hands in utter hopelessness.

The exhibition of the letter, however, had a different effect upon the silent and moody Breadhelt: he started from the sullen attitude he had fallen into when he found himself so unexpectedly ensnared. Seizing the letter, and looking a moment at its contents, he said, earnestly—" General Washington, how came you by this?"

" There is the bearer, sir," said the general, directing his eyes towards the extremity of the room, where the chevalier stood leaning in an easy and apparently unconcerned attitude against the window.

Breadhelt turned, and fixed his eyes steadily upon the chevalier, and his countenance gradually lighted up with a glow of satisfaction. Sud-

denly seizing his own pistol from the hands of captain Carter, he levelled it at the chevalier, shouting—" Die, traitor!"

The ball entered the chevalier's breast; and, clasping his hands over his heart, he fell upon the floor.

" Murderer, what have you done?" exclaimed Washington. " This foreigner did not betray you; he was my prisoner as well as yourself. Carter, see that these traitors, who deal so lightly in blood, are safely secured in the common prison, to await their trial."

" Shall I bind them, general?"

" Ay," he said, with indignation, " with chains, if you will. I make you responsible for their safety. Moreton, ride for the surgeon."

The conspirators were each guarded between two soldiers, and led from the scene of their signal defeat. At the gate they were joined by the other prisoners, and marched to the prison, a short distance north from the head of Beekman-street.

Washington's resentment against the agent in this plot was now turned into compassion for the victim of revenge.

The last of the soldiers left the room as Mrs. Washington and Eugenie, alarmed by the report of the pistol, rushed in. The former tenderly embraced her husband, who had advanced to assist the two soldiers that remained, in raising the wounded man; while Eugenie instinctively sought Arden, and would have flown also into his arms, had she not recollected herself. Taking his hand, she said—"Thank God, it is not you!"

"That poor gentleman," said Arden, returning the pressure; "one of the conspirators shot him on suspicion of treachery."

The soldiers now placed the wounded man on a sofa, and endeavoured to stanch the blood.

"'Tis to no purpose. I am mortally wounded," he said.

"Do not hold me, Arden," cried Eugenie, with energy. "That voice I know—let me see him!"

She broke from Arden, who would have prevented her from beholding a scene of suffering so unfitted for the eyes of one so young and sensitive; and yielding to a strange and sudden emotion, she rushed forward, and gazed fixedly on the changing features of the expiring chevalier. Her brow gradually became rigid, and her eyes lighted up with increasing intelligence. At length, clasping her hands together, she faintly murmured—"'Tis my uncle!"

"Who—what do I hear?" cried the dying man, raising himself on his elbow, and gazing wildly in her face. "Eugenie? 'Tis Eugenie! Oh God, forgive me! Niece," he continued, extending his hand, "I have wronged thee, and was on my way to wrong thee still further, even to the taking of thy life. But justice at last has got her victim. Have I your forgiveness?"

"Yes, yes! all—all!" she gasped, yet shrinking from his outstretched hand.

"God bless you! I am dying. May the saints intercede for me! The deeds—are—are——"

His eyes turned towards the secretary, and his head fell over upon his shoulder. A moment after, and the chevalier ceased to hold any further interest in the hopes, fears, and anxieties of this world; and the future, with its great secret, to which we all look forward with mingled curiosity and dread, was unfolded to his dark spirit, the destiny of which, either for bliss or woe, was now unalterably and for ever fixed.

CHAP. X.

The Revenge.

AFTER remaining on the ground the whole of the day succeeding the disastrous battle of Brooklyn, the English general the second night prepared to attack the works. Washington was advised of this; and aware of his inability to resist an assault, he resolved to attempt to draw off his troops to the city.

They were, as we have seen, closely blockaded in their intrenchments; the only passage open that offered to them the least prospect of escape being in their rear across the East River, at that point nearly half a mile wide, to York Island. This avenue, however, was commanded by the

guns of the British fleet, anchored not far below. The whole army was considered by the English as already in their power, and the American Congress gave it up as irrevocably lost.

Notwithstanding its apparent impracticability, Washington determined to make the attempt to effect a retreat, and upon its success or failure, to stake his reputation and the fate of his troops, if not, also, the safety of his country. The conception and masterly execution of this plan proved it to be worthy of his military genius. On the night preceding the anticipated assault, he drew off his whole army, numbering nine thousand men, in such silence and secrecy, that the first intimation general Howe, who commanded the besieging force, received of their escape, was by the alarm conveyed by his outposts, when, in the morning, they saw the rear guard of the retreating army half way across the East River, and beyond the reach of their fire: he therefore prepared immediately to attack New York, and Washington determined to evacuate the city,

and retire to the northern part of the island.

Having taken up this historical link to our chain of fiction, we will now return to our hero, whom, for the sake of bringing our heroine and Arden more prominently before the reader, we have purposely neglected. After leaving his wounded rival, he executed the order given him by general Putnam, and through the remainder of the day distinguished himself by his fearless courage and military talents. In the retreat from Long Island he was eminently conspicuous by his activity, coolness, and presence of mind; displaying at that trying time the experience of a veteran soldier, guided by the well-directed energy of no common mind.

Would that the romancer were called to unfold alone his military career—to hold up only the bright side of the shield! but this is the enviable province of the historian: the novelist must follow his characters from the senate and the field, enter with them into the cabinet and

into the hall, and be beside them in their most sacred retirements; it is his province to lay open the heart, unfold its secrets, and let all men read, as in a printed volume, what is written thereon; invisibility and ubiquity are his attributes, and the magic wand he bears endows him with power over all earthly mysteries. The bright, the beautiful, and the grand, are but spirits of his will and pleasure. At his bidding, the earth lays open her gloomy caverns and crystal palaces to his eye; the mountains clothe themselves with purple and roseate clouds, or bellow with thunder; the lakes, the rivers, the trees, become animate and spiritual; the visible universe is not so vast that his wonderful power will not embrace it and bend it to his pleasure. But here is not the limit of his power. He can create; he waves his wand, and creatures, beautiful or hideous, glorious or base, appear; he speaks, and they are animated; to their number there is no limit; they are the ministers of his will, and the instruments of his vast power, which

is as unbounded as the firmament, as unfathomable as the sea.

When the American army were safely landed in New York, after their extraordinary escape, Burton hastened to Kingsbridge, where Isabel Ney had been retained, not to say imprisoned, since he escorted her there a few days before.

The quarters of general Mifflin were in a villa formerly occupied by a tory gentleman, then in arms under general Howe. It was in the midst of a lawn adorned by noble oaks, and sloping on one side to the Hudson River, on the other to an inlet, or stream, called Spuyten Duyvel Creek, over which was thrown a light wooden bridge, nearly hidden in the foliage of overhanging willows and elms. The dwelling was two stories high, surrounded by a piazza, with spacious barns and outhouses, and altogether wore an aristocratical air. Time had soiled its original snowy white, and given to it a sober hue, which added to its venerable and baronial aspect. A cupola surmounted the roof, commanding a view

of the villages of Harlem and Bloomingdale, the needle-like spire of Trinity Church in the distant city, Hell Gate and its shores, Long Island, the North and East Rivers, the picturesque bay and its green islands, the beautiful Jersey shores, and the gigantic wall of the Palisadoes, the vanguard of the Hudson Highlands, crowned with its bristling fortress. It was the first of October, and autumn had flung its gorgeous drapery over the forests, which seemed to shine with their own golden light.

The room occupied by Isabel was in the south-west corner of the mansion, in the second story, with Venetian windows opening out of it upon the piazza. She was not kept a close prisoner, but suffered to walk the grounds during the day, and, accompanied by general Mifflin, ride a mile or two along the river's banks. From this officer and his family she received those attentions and that sympathy which her circumstances demanded; and altogether her se-

clusion, aside from its compulsory character, was not disagreeable.

Burton's first impulse, after he was temporarily released from the duties of the soldier, was to hasten to throw himself at the feet of the fair captive. She received him with undisguised pleasure. The privacy of the family of general Mifflin, and the seclusion of the spot, were favourable to the devotees of Cupid. The good-natured general was easy and unsuspicious, and permitted them to ride and walk together, trusting to the honour and patriotism of Burton for the security of his prisoner.

We will briefly pass over the growth and maturity of a passion, the only tendency of which could alone be the ruin of the trusting one. The enemy were in possession of New York, and the American army had taken its position near Kingsbridge, throwing up lines across the island, not only to blockade the English by land in the city which they had captured, but also to check their further progress into the country.

The head-quarters of the American general were therefore removed to this part of the island, and now were far from Kingsbridge. Burton consequently became a more frequent visiter to the villa. We would gladly withhold our pen from recording it—in a few short weeks, the proud and haughty Isabel Ney became the victim of the fascinating libertine, Edward Burton.

In the meanwhile Arden recovered from his wound, and was again in the saddle; but in his duties as a soldier he forgot not those of a lover. Inmate of the same mansion with Eugenie, he had a thousand opportunities of bringing that love to maturity, which he had hailed with delight in the germe. Day after day beheld their growing affection; their hearts at length became indissolubly united; she adored him without impiety; he worshipped her without forgetting that she was mortal; their love was such as would bear the test of time and trial—that virtuous union of souls, which earth and Heaven unite to render permanent and happy.

Six weeks had elapsed after the evacuation of New York, when one morning Isabel Ney, no longer the pure but haughty creature we first beheld her, yet equally as proud and still more beautiful, was leaning over the balustrade of her prison, watching the majestic movement of an English frigate that was making demonstrations as if it were about to pass Forts Lee and Washington, which guarded the entrance to the highlands. Her thoughts were wandering; but all were tinged with the dark cloud that had passed over her spirit, and tarnished the purity of her young mind. Alas, that the proud, the beautiful should fall! Where virtue exists not in the mind, nor purity in the heart, it seems pride alone should be woman's plate of proof. She was to meet Burton that evening; and her thoughts, how far soever they would stray, constantly turned back to him.

The sentinel below was pacing backward and forward before the door; the distant roll of drums, and occasionally the warlike note of a bugle from

the far-distant camp, and, at long intervals, the dull sound of cannon, fired as signals from the fleet, anchored two leagues below, fell upon her ear, but as if she heard not: her bosom heaved painfully, and her eye was fixed on vacancy. A horseman, who galloped along the avenue without attracting her attention, drew up almost beneath her before she noticed him.

She started with surprise and confusion, but looked down with eager curiosity, and recognised in the visiter major Dearborn, whom she had once seen for a moment at the quarters of Putnam.

"Good morning, general," he said, in reply to a voice from the door, as he reined up; "I see you hold your spy-glass, and have been watching the motions of yonder frigate: do you think she will have the temerity to attempt to run the gauntlet?"

"She is only coquetting," replied general Mifflin, in a gay tone of voice. "There! she has already tacked ship: John Bull is too wise

to put his head into a lion's mouth: dismount, major."

"I have some official business with you which will take but a moment; but it must be in private," he said, glancing up at the balcony; and then dismounting, he disappeared within the house.

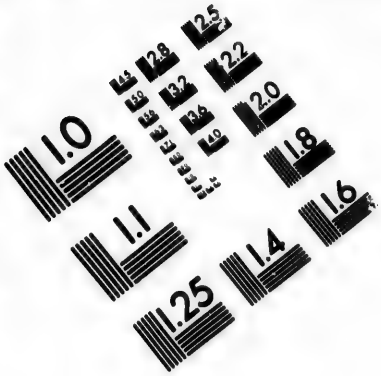
In a few minutes he came out and threw himself on his horse.—"By-the-by, general," he said, as he was about to ride off, "do you honour colonel——I beg his pardon, these promotions confuse one—general Arden with your presence this evening?"

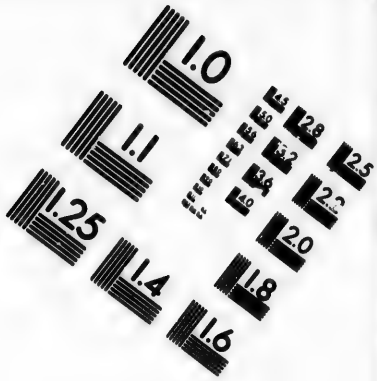
"Presence! Where?"

"Have you not heard that he is about to be united in the bonds of Hymen to-night with the lovely Canadian, who has lately fallen heir to a French title and estate?"

"I thought colonel Burton was to carry off that prize."

"Burton!" repeated Dearborn, with a laugh; "the earl has drawn so many left-handed prizes





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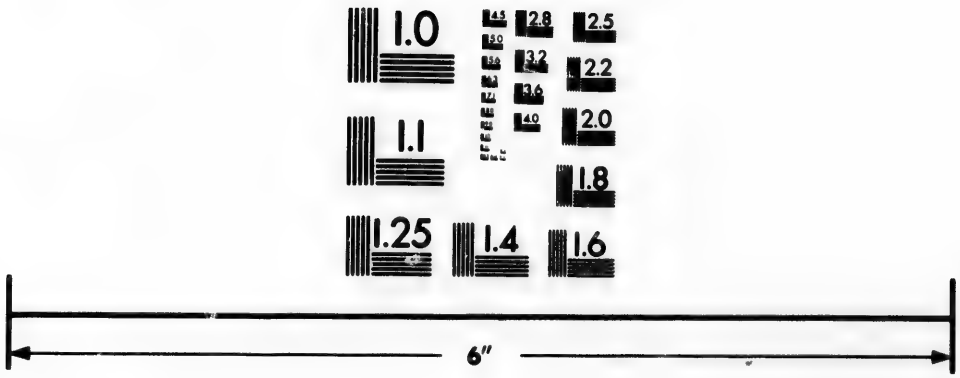

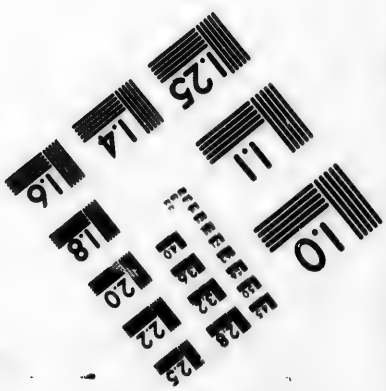

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of this sort, that he ought to resign this to his rival."

"Earl!"

"So much for rusticating here out of the world, general. It is a soubriquet the staff confer upon him, in honour of his prototype, Rochester—a *nomme d'amour*. By-the-by, you have heard that Arden's wounds were received in a sung little duello with colonel Burton, as a sort of by-play or episode in the grand battle; and all for this pretty runaway nun?"

"Yes. But did colonel Burton really run away with her?" asked general Mifflin, with homely simplicity.

"That did he. The whole affair was sufficiently romantic. What is more, after he left Canada, she followed him out of pure love; and Arden saved her from one of those plots he sometimes lays for the young and lovely of the sex. Faith! Burton should have been a pacha with three tails—not one less."

"Is it true that he betrayed captain Germaine's daughter?"

"Most true," replied the officer, with warmth; "and true, also, that he intended to replace her by Eugenie De Lisle, if her own virtue and Arden's good sword had not protected her."

"I shall keep an eye on him when he next comes here. It's well there is no game here for him, except this English miss, who has got spirit enough to take care of herself."

"The very women that soonest fall. Better keep an eye on them both, general," he said, as he rode off.

"Keep an eye on them!" he repeated, musingly; "I fear 'twill be shutting the stable door after the horse is stolen. If there's mischief in the wind, it's over before this. This colonel Burton has not been here for nothing it seems. —Too late!" he added, as he entered the house.

"Not too late for revenge!" said Isabel, slowly articulating each syllable through her compressed lips.

Not a word of the foregoing conversation had escaped her ear.—"Burton, then, has wooed and won Isabel Ney," she said, with flashing eyes, "as another instrument of his pleasures: then leaving my feet—yes, my arms—to throw himself into those of another! If my love be a guilty one, I will have no rival in it!"

She entered her chamber, and paced the room for an hour, with a swelling heart and burning brain. At length the rigidity of her brow relaxed; her flashing eye assumed a steadier expression, yet parted with none of its indignant light; her closed lips, save a slight curl of the upper one, resumed their wonted expression; yet there was no colour in her cheek, and her bosom rose and fell as if her heart were pressing outward with its unnatural fu[illegible]s. Fearful, wonderful was the settled calmness of her look and manner; but it was the quiet of the volcano the moment before it bursts into flame.

A noise of horsemen without drew her to the balcony: a British officer, the same noble-look-

ing cavalier who had tilted with Burton, at the instant drew up on the plateau beneath, bearing a flag of truce. He was courteously received by general Mifflin, and invited into the house. From a few words that escaped him as he entered the hall, Isabel learned that his mission was to treat for her release. All at once, as if she had come to sudden resolution, she re-entered her room, seated herself at her escritoir, and hurriedly, yet with a steady hand, wrote with her pencil upon a slip of paper the following words:

"At eight to-night send a boat with four men to the grove of maples, two hundred yards below the bridge: an American officer of rank shall be there placed in your power. Hide your men on the shore beneath the overhanging rock. When you hear the signal—'seize your prisoner,' obey it. Bring no firearms, lest you alarm the guard. Be secret and punctual.

"ISABEL NEY."

She returned to the balcony and awaited the officer's reappearance: in a short time the door opened, and he came forth.—" The proposition shall be made known to the commander-in-chief, sir," said general Mifflin, " and I have no doubt of his compliance with it."

" To-morrow, then, I will return for an answer."

" Have you just landed from yonder frigate, major Andre?"

" I have, sir."

" I thought she was trying to dodge up the river; but was only manœuvring, I see, to land you."

The gentlemen courteously exchanged parting salutes; the officer turned to ride off, and the door closed. As he was passing beneath the balcony, Isabel waved her handkerchief, which startled the horse, and caused his rider to look up. She placed her finger on her lip, displayed the paper, and hastily folding it in her handkerchief, dropped it. He caught it, smiled, bowed, and galloped out of sight.

A few minutes before nine o'clock the same evening, Burton and Isabel stood together on the bridge, beneath an elm which grew on the banks, and cast a deep shadow over the spot. Zacharie, holding a horse and mounted on another, was on the roadside at a little distance. The night was the loveliest of the mellow American autumn; the stream rippled past musically, loudly complaining as it encountered the piers of the bridge which entered its placid breast; the air was motionless; the woods moved with a pleasant sound; the stars were out; and the moon, high in the east, threw vast masses of light and shade over the scene.

Burton leaned upon the railing as if in thought; Isabel hung on his arm, seemingly in all the confidence and artlessness of innocence and affection. A guilty pair! the one cold and indifferent with possession, yet feigning the semblance of love; the other breathing the language of affection in his ear, while her heart was filled with the bitterness of hate, and her

insulted spirit burning with the triumph of anticipated revenge.

" My dear Burton, I fear you love me less; you do not bear that look of devotion you once did. I have madly loved you, and my affection should meet a kinder return than this cold manner."

Isabel spoke with sincerity and with feeling.

" I am not changed, Isabel," he replied, rousing himself with an effort, and passing his arm around her; " it is only your idle fancy leads you to think so. I love you, dear Isabel. You alone share my heart and fill my thoughts."

" 'Tis false!" was the reply that came to her lips, but she suppressed it. At this instant, the faint dip of an oar caught her vigilant ear, and she fondly said—" Let us walk farther. The night invites to ramble."

Leaning upon his arm, she turned down a path leading by the side of the water, and shortly after they entered a grove through which the road pleasantly wound. Not far from the entrance

of the wood was a large rock, with aged trees growing upon it; its base was washed by the waves. Towards it she carelessly led, as if she guided him not, the moody and silent Burton.

"Edward," she said, with energy and feeling, as if continuing a conversation, "I do not blame you. You have broken no vow. I asked not—you promised not marriage. All I sought, all I cared for, was your love. Happy in that, I looked not beyond it. But," she added, with a sudden change of voice and manner, her tones sinking into a low, distinct, energetic whisper, "Edward Burton, you have been false to me!"

"False?"

"Do you know Caroline Germaine?" she fiercely demanded.

"Ha!"

"Eugenie De Lisle?"

"Isabel!"

"You are a villain, sir!" she cried, in a voice of settled yet fearful passion. "I hate you. Love has fled from my bosom, guilty though it

might have been; hatred—revenge has taken its place!"

"Good God, Isabel, be calm!"

"Calm? Ha, ha, ha!"

"You are in error."

"For what pastime, pray, did you cross blades with colonel Arden?" she asked, with lofty scorn.

"Isabel!"

"Silence."

"Forgive—"

"Never."

"The flawed chain that bound me to you is well broken, then," he said, carelessly; "'tis a kindness for which I stand in your debt."

"The debt shall now be cancelled," she exclaimed triumphantly; and then, in an elevated tone, she cried—"Seize your prisoner!"

Instantly four soldiers, headed by an officer, appeared from behind the rock, and advanced with drawn swords upon him.

Although taken by surprise, Burton's coolness and presence of mind did not forsake him. He

threw off Isabel's hand, which she had forcibly laid on his wrist, and sprung back, at the same time drawing a pistol from his breast and firing upon the leader; then unsheathing his sword, he prepared to receive his foes. The ball from his pistol missed the officer, and wounded one of the soldiers. Enraged at the fall of their comrade, they furiously advanced upon him. He retreated till he gained a large tree, when, placing his back against it, he waited to receive their assault.

"On your lives, wound him not!" said the officer, who, from his uniform, was a captain of marines.

Burton received them with spirit, and met their efforts to disarm him with skill and success. At length he severely wounded one of his assailants, when the others, forgetting their officer's injunction, vigorously pressed him with the determination to cut him down, and gave him, though not without receiving, several severe wounds. He was nearly exhausted, and was

about to tender his sword to the officer, who had stood by Isabel as if to detain her, when Zacharie's voice was heard in the entrance of the wood —"Hold out! There is rescue at hand. Hasten, you lubbers! Will you see an American officer hacked up?"

While he was speaking he came down the path at full speed, holding in each hand one of his master's pistols, which he had taken from the holsters, and followed close at his heels by half a score of soldiers with fixed bayonets.

"Leave you game, and to the boat," cried the officer, as they came in sight.

The men precipitately retreated to a barge concealed behind the rock, not, however, without receiving the contents of one of Zacharie's pistols. The other was wrested from his hand by Isabel.

"You shall not escape, Burton. My revenge is not yet complete," she fiercely cried, levelling the pistol at his breast; "perish thy false heart!"

Zacharie caught her arm as she fired, and the

ball passed through Burton's shoulder. He instantly fell.

"My revenge is complete. I can now forgive myself for my folly in loving you. Adieu. In after years we shall meet again."

The next instant she sprang into the boat as it was putting off from the shore, and was swiftly carried by the rapid current into the dark shadows of the trees out of sight.

The soldiers had presented their muskets and were about to fire, when Burton faintly said—"Hold! There is a female in the boat. Let them escape. I have deserved this."

He muttered a few words of self-accusation, and then sunk into insensibility.

A few moments after Burton and Isabel had left the bridge, the relief-guard passed on its way to the quarters of the commander-in-chief, which were situated on a rising ground about a quarter of a mile distant. When Zacharie heard the report of the pistol fired by Burton, and the loud quick voices of the assailants, he suspected

that he had been attacked, and governed by the first impulse of his active mind, he rode after the guard and gave the alarm, though not certain that it might not be a false one. As he advanced before the soldiers, he heard the clashing of the combatants' swords, and hastening forward, effected the timely diversion in Burton's favour. He now raised the form of his master and staunched the blood. The soldiers hastily forming a litter of boughs, placed him upon it, and bore him towards the head-quarters, to leave him under the charge of the surgeon.

Slowly they wound their way through the dark woods, the moonlight struggling through the foliage, glancing at intervals over the pale features of the wounded man. As they approached the mansion occupied by the military family of the American general, lights from the windows, which were brilliantly illuminated as if a festival were within, shone through the forest, and guided them to the place of their destination.

At length they passed a soldier on guard, and reaching the lawn before the house, came full upon the gay scene. Advancing towards the portico, the soldiers rested their burden before the open windows, while Zacharie hastened to give information of the condition of his master. The scene that met the eyes of these men was exceedingly brilliant. The long windows which reached to the ground were thrown open, for the night was warm, and displayed the interior lighted up with great splendour. Officers in rich uniforms, and ladies in flowing white robes, glanced before their eyes; it was a reunion of beauty and valour; all was dazzling bright, and gaiety and happiness. How great the contrast between this scene and the rude litter—its insensible burden and rough bearers.

All at once, through a door at which stood Jacques and the servants looking in upon the scene, a dignified clergyman, in the robes of the church of England, entered the room; he was

attended by several officers of high rank, distinguished among whom stood general Washington.

At their entrance, a young officer, in the rich uniform of one of high rank, came forth from the crowd, which gradually formed into a circle; his handsome features were chastened by a quiet smile of inward happiness. He led by the hand a female of dazzling beauty, with downcast eyes and a conscious delicate blush upon her cheeks, like the reflection of a roseleaf upon a lily; he gazed upon her with pride as she stood tremblingly beside him. They were Arden and Eugenie.

The clergyman opened his book; general Washington advanced, and placed the hand of the maiden in that of her lover; the service was read, a ring was placed on the finger of the maiden, and she became a bride. A murmur of pleasure ran through the assembly; a short prayer was offered up by the holy man, when the buzz of delight again filled the room.

Many were the beautiful lips that pressed the

cheek of the happy bride, but none so beautiful as hers; and many were the brave soldiers who grasped the hand of the bridegroom, and wished him happiness, but none of so gallant a presence.

When the clergyman entered the room, Burton revived and looked around. The glare of light attracted his attention; he raised himself convulsively upon his elbow, and gazed with burning eyeballs on the whole ceremony; beheld the proud and happy look of Arden; the subdued, virgin joy of Eugenie.

His hand instinctively sought his sword; the blood spouted from his lip, as he pierced it in the madness of his impotent rage; and making an effort to rise to his feet, when he saw Arden place the ring on Eugenie's finger, he fell back again insensible, with his hands clenched, and a curse dying upon his tongue.

The subsequent destinies of Isabel Ney and the remaining characters of our romance, as well as that of our hero, are familiar matters of his-

tory, but possibly may afford materials for another story, to be laid a quarter of a century later. Father Bonaventure, Porter Homfroy, and our monkly brethren in the valley of the Chaudiere, lived to a good old age, died, and were buried. Sister Agnes died a maid. Zacharie eventually listed in the wars, and after a restless and adventurous career, in which he gained great reputation as a soldier, became conspicuous in a famous conspiracy against the State. As for Jacques, though he contrived, by a sort of fatality, to figure in all the subsequent great battles of the war, he was deterred by his praiseworthy philanthropy from arriving at that distinction which, to believe his own words, he had earned by numerous sanguinary conflicts, in season and out of season, and by countless wounds and bruises both on " hip and thigh."

THE END.

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